

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

HISTORY

Of all the
Notable and Merry EXPLOITS perform'd
by Him and his Men on divers Occasions,

To which is added,
A PREFACE, giving a more full and particular
Account of his Birth, &c. than any hitherto published.



I'll send this Arrow from my Bow,

And in a Wager will be bound

To hit the Mark aright, although

It were for Fifteen Hundred Pourl.

Doubt not I'll make the Wager good,

Or ne'er believe bold Robin Hood.

Adorn'd with Twenty-Seven Neat and Curious CUTS,
proper to the Subject of each SONG,

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by CLURE DICEY and Co. in Aldermarj
Church-Yard Bow-Lane.



GENTLEMEN ARCHERS.

THIS GARLAND has been long out of Repair,
Some SONGS being wanting, of which
we give Account;

For now at last, by true industrious Care,

The Sixteen SONGS to Twenty-seven we mount;
Which large Addition needs must please, I know,
All the Ingenious Yeomen of the Bow.

To read how ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN,
Brave SCARLET, STUTELY, valiant, bold, and
free,

Each of them bravely, fairly play'd the Man,
While they did reign beneath the Green-Wood
Tree;

Bishops, Fryars, likewise many more,
Parted with their Gold, for to increase their Store;
But never, would they rob or wrong the POOR. }

THE

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

THERE is scarce any Story so little known, for one so very popular, as that of **ROBIN HOOD** and **LITTLE JOHN**. Numbers there are who look upon all that is said of them as fabulous, and believe them (like the Heroes and Gods of Homer and Ovid) to have existed no where but in the fertile Brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the Opinion of an unthinking People: I have often heard it asserted by Men of good Sense; but that they are grossly mistaken is very certain: For King Richard the First, transported with Zeal, blindly sacrificed every thing to it, and ruin'd himself and almost his whole Nation, to carry on a War against the Infidels in the Holy Land, where he went in person. The intestine Troubles of England were very great at that Time; and even John, the King's Brother, caballed to dethrone him, and take Possession of his Kingdom. This was an Opportunity which the Outlaws and Banditti would by no means neglect, and England was every where infested with Thieves and Robbers. But amongst those, none made so considerable a Figure as Robin Hood; who, as Historians assure us, chiefly resided in Yorkshire; but who, if we may give any Credit to most of our Old Songs, was very conversant in the County of Nottingham. Besides Little John, he had

The PREFACE.

had an Hundred Bowmen in his Retinue, but none but the Rich stood in Awe of him: So far from spoiling the Poor, he did them all the Good that lay in his Power. Of the Rich, he seldom abused those he robbed; and never offered to stop or rifle any Woman. It is not very positively known who he was; but the general Opinion of the Historians is, that he was a Nobleman; by Birth noble, and created an Earl for some considerable Service done to his Country in War. But having riotously spent his Estate, he took that Way of Living, rather chusing to venture his Life for every Thing he got, than to live in a dependent State, and be beholden to any Body for his Bread. Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chief Justiciary of England, endeavouring all he could to suppress those Robbers and Outlaws, set a very considerable Price upon the Head of Robin Hood, and several Stratagems were used to apprehend him; but all their Attempts proved fruitless. Force he repelled by Force, and Art by Cunning; till at length falling ill, he went (in order to be the better taken care of) to Birkleys, a Nunnery in Yorkshire, where he desired to be let Blood; but the Reward set upon his Head being very considerable, it proved a great Temptation to some who knew him, by whom he was betray'd; and instead of bleeding as he desired, he was blooded to Death, about the latter End of 1395.-- As to the following Song, with which we shall begin this Collection, I think I need not say any thing in Commendation of it, being the most beautiful, and one of the oldest extant on that Subject. One Thing we must observe in reading it, and that is, between some of the Stanza's we must suppose a considerable Time to pass. Clorinda might be a very forward Girl, if between Robin Hood's Question and her Answer we did not suppose two or three Hours to have been spent in Courtship. And between Robin Hood's being entertained at Gamewell Hall, and his having Ninety-three Bowmen in Sherwood, we must allow some Years. I know not how our Criticks will relish this; but I would have them remember, that the Poets of Old scorned to curb the Poetick Fire to give way to dull Rule. They had no tedious Comment upon Aristotle to consult; no Bosſu's nor Dennis's to guide them; or, at least, they had too much Spirit to be guided by them. Their Works were the first Flight of a lively Imagination; and Poets were looked upon, like other Englishmen, born to live and write with Freedom.

ROBIN

ROBIN HOOD's GARLAND, &c.

I. *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of ROBIN HOOD with Clorinda, Queen of Titbury Feast.*

Supposed to be related by the FIDLER who play'd at their
WEDDING.



KIND Gentlemen, will you be silent a while?
Ay, and then you shall hear anon
A very good Ballad of bold ROBIN HOOD,
And of his Man brave *Little John*.
In *Locksley Town*, in merry *Nottinghamshire*,
In merry sweet *Locksley Town*,
There bold ROBIN HOOD, was born and bred,
Bold *Robin* of famous Renown.
The Father of *Robin* a Forester was,
And he shot with a lusty strong Bow,
Two North Country Miles and an Inch at a Shoot,
As the Pinder of *Wakefield* does know;
For he brought *Adam Bell*, and *Clim of the Clough*,
And *William a Clowdel-lee*,
To shoot with our Forester for Forty Marks;
And the Forester beat them all three.
His Mother was Niece to the *Coventry Knight*,
Which *Warwickshire* Men call Sir Guy,

A

For

For he slew the Blue Boar that hangs up at the Gate,
 Or my Host at the *Bull* tells a Lye.
 Her Brother was *Gamewell*, of *Great Gamewell Hall*,
 A noble House keeper was he,
 Ay, as ever broke Bread in sweet *Nottinghamshire*,
 And a 'Squire of famous Degree.
 The Mother of *Robin* said to her husband,
 My Honey, my Love, and my Dear,
 Let *Robin* and I ride this Morning to *Gamewell*,
 To taste of my Brother's good Cheer.
 And he said, I grant thee thy Boon, gentle *Joan*;
 Take one of my Horses, I pray;
 The Sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
 For To-morrow is *Christmas Day*.
 Then *Robin Hood's* Father's Grey Gelding was brought,
 And Saddled and Bridled was he;
 God wot a blue Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths,
 And a Cloak that did reach to his Knee.
 She got on her Holiday Kirtle and Gown,
 They were all of a *Lincoln Green*;
 The Cloth was home-spun, but for Colour and Make
 It might have becom'd our Queen.
 And then *Robin* got on his Basket-hilt Sword,
 And his Dagger on the other Side;
 And said, my dear Mother, let's haste to be gone,
 We have forty long Miles to ride,
 When *Robin* was mounted on his Gelding so Grey,
 His Father, without any Trouble,
 Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
 For his Gelding had oft carried double.
 And when she was settled, they rode to their Neighbours,
 And drank and shook Hands with them all;
 And then *Robin* gallop'd, and never gave o'er,
 'Till they lighted at *Gamewell Hall*.
 And now you may think the right worshipful 'Squire
 Was joyful his Sister to see;
 For he kiss'd her, and kiss'd her, and swore a great Oath,
 Thou art welcome, kind Sister to me,
 The Morrow when Mass had been said the Chapel,
 Six Tables were covered in the Hall,
 And in comes the 'Squire and make a short Speech,
 It was, Gentlemen, you're welcome all.
 But not a Man here shall taste my *March Beer*
 'Till a *Christmas Carol* he does sing;
 Then all clapp'd their Hands, and they shouted and sung,
 'Till the Hall and the Parlour did ring,

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

3

Now Mustard and Brawn, Roast Beef and Plumb Pies,
 Were set upon every Table ;
 And noble *George Gamewell* said, Eat and be merry,
 And drink too as long as you're able.
 When Dinner was ended, his *Chaplain* said Grace ;
 And be merry my Friends, said the 'Squire ;
 It rains and it blows ; but call for more Ale.
 And lay some more Wood on the Fire,
 And now call ye *Little John* hither to me,
 For *Little John* is a fine Lad,
 At Gambols and Juggling, and twenty such Tricks,
 As shall make you both merry and glad.
 When *Little John* came, to Gambols they went,
 Both Gentlemen, Yeoman, and Clowns :
 And what do you think ? Why, as true as I live.
 Bold *Robin Hood* put them all down.
 And now you may think the right worshipful 'Squire
 Was joyful this Sight for to see ;
 For he said, Cousin *Robin*, thou go'st no more Home,
 But tarry and dwell here with me :
 Thou shalt have my land when I die, and 'till then
 Thou shalt be the Staff of my Age.
 Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, said *Robin*,
 That *Little John* may be my Page.
 And he said, kind Cousin, I grant thee thy Boon ;
 With all my Heart, so let it be,
 Then come hither *Little John*, said *Robin Hood*,
 Come hither my Page unto me :
 Go fetch me my Bow, my longest Bow,
 And broad Arrows, one, two, or three ;
 For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into *Sherwood*,
 Some merry Pastime to see.
 When *Robin Hood* came into merry *Sherwood*,
 He winded his Bugle so clear ;
 And twice five and twenty good Yeomen and bold
 Before *Robin Hood* did appear,
 Where are your Companions all, said *Robin Hood* ?
 For still I want Forty and three ;
 Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo yonder they stand,
 All under a Green-Wood Tree.
 As that Word was spoke, *Clorinda* came by,
 The Queen of the Shepherds was she ;
 And her Gown was of Velvet as green as the grass,
 And her Buskin did reach to her Knee :
 Her Gait it was graceful, her Body was straight,
 And her Countenance it was free from Pride ;

4 ROBIN HOOD's GARLAND.

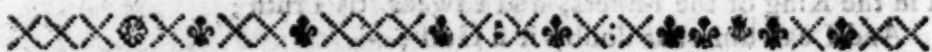
A Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of Arrows
 Hung dangling by her sweet Side.
 Her Eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her Hair,
 And her Skin was as smooth ns Glafs ;
 Her Visage spoke Wisdom and Modesty too ;
 Sets with *Robin Hood*, such a I as !
 Says *Robin Hood*, fair Lady, whither away ?
 O whither, fair Lady, away ?
 And she made him Answer, To kill a fat Buck ;
 For To-morrow is *Titbury Day*.
 Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair will you wander with me
 A little to yonder green Bower ;
 There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
 Of a Brace, or a Leash, in an Hour.
 And as we were going towards the Green Bower,
 Two hundred good Bucks we espy'd ;
 She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
 And shot him thro' Side and Side.
 By the faith of my Body, said bold *Robin Hood*,
 I never saw Woman like thee ;
 And com'st thou from East, or com'st thou from West,
 Thou need'st not beg Ven'son of me.
 However, along to my Bower you shall go,
 And taste of a Forester's Meat :
 And when we came thither, we found as good cheer
 As any Man needs for to eat.
 For there was hot Venison, and Warden Pies cold,
 Cream clouted, and Honey combs plenty ;
 And the Servitures they were, besides *Little John*,
 Good Yeoman at least four and twenty.
Clorinda said, Tell me your Name, gentle Sir ;
 And he said 'Tis bold *Robin Hood* ;
 'Squire *Gamerwell's* my Uncle, but all my Delight
 Is to dwell in the merry *Sherwood* :
 For 'tis, a fine Life, and 'tis void of all Strife.
 So 'tis, Sir, *Clorinda* reply'd.
 But oh ! said bold *Robin*, how sweet woud it be,
 If *Clorinda* would be my Bride !
 She blush'd at the Motion ; yet after a Pause,
 Said, Yes, Sir and with all my Heart :
 Then let us send for a Priest, said *Robin Hood*,
 And be married before we do part.
 But she said, It may not be so, gentle Sir,
 For I must be at *Titbury Feast* ;
 And if *Robin Hood* will go thither with me,
 I'll make him the most welcome Guest.

Said

Said *Robin Hood*, reach me that Buck, *Little John*,
 For I'll go along with my Dear ;
 And bid my Yeoman kill six Brace of Bucks,
 And meet me to morrow just here.
 Before he had ridden five *Staffordshire* Miles,
 Eight Yeoman, that were too bold,
 Bid bold *Robin Hood* stand, and deliver his Buck,
 A truer Tale never was told,
 I will not, faith, said, bold *Robin* : Come, *John*,
 Stand by me, and we'll beat them all.
 Then both drew their Swords, and so cut'em and slash'd'em.
 That Five of the Eight did fall.
 The three that remain'd call'd to *Robin* for Quarter,
 And pitiful *John* begg'd their Lives.
 When *John's* Boon was granted, he gave them good Counsel,
 And so sent them home to their Wives.
 This Battle was fought near to *Tisbury* Town,
 When the Bag-pipes baited the Bull ;
 I'm the King of the Fiddlers, and I swear 'tis Truth ;
 And I call him that doubts it a Gull ;
 For I saw them Fighting, and fiddled the while ;
 And *Clorinda* sung, "Hey derry down !"
 "The Bumkins are beaten ; put up thy Sword, *Bob* ;
 "And now let's dance into the Town.
 Before we came in it we heard a strange Shouting,
 And all that were in it look'd madly !
 For some were a Bull-back, some dancing a Morrice,
 And some singing *Arthur a Bradley*.
 And there we saw *Thomas*, our Justice's Clerk,
 And *Mary* to whom he was kind ;
 For *Tom* rode before her, and call'd *Mary*, Madam,
 And kiss'd her full sweetly behind ;
 And so may your worships. But we went to Dinner,
 With *Thomas* and *Mary*, and *Nan* ;
 They all drank a Health to *Clorinda*, and told her,
 Bold *Robin Hood* was a fine Man.
 When Dinner was ended, Sir *Roger* the Parson
 Of *Dubbridge* was sent for in haste :
 He brought his Mass Book, and bid them take Hands,
 And he join'd them in Marriage full fast.
 And then as bold *Robin Hood* and his sweet Bride
 Went Hand in Hand unto the green Bower,
 The Birds sung with Pleasure in merry *Sherwood*,
 And it was a most joyful Hour.
 And when *Robin* came in Sight of the Bower,
 Where are my Yeomen ? said he :

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And Little John answer'd, Lo, yonder they stand,
 All under a Green-Wood-Tree,
 Then a Garland they brought her, by two and by two,
 And placed it on the Bride's Head :
 The Musick struck up, and we all fell to Dancing,
 'Till the Bride and the Bridegroom were a bed,
 And what they did there must be Counsel to me,
 Because they lay long the next Day ;
 And I made haste Home ; but I got a good Piece
 Of the Bride Cake, and so came away.
 Now out, alas ! I had forgotten to tell ye,
 That married they were with a Ring ;
 And so will Nan Knight, or be bury'd a Maiden ;
 And now let us pray for the King,
 That he may get Children, and they may get more,
 To govern, and do us some good ;
 And then I'll make Ballads in Robin Hood's Bower,
 And sing them in merry Sherwood.



2. ROBIN HOOD's Progress to NOTTINGHAM, in which he slew Fifteen Forresters.

To the Tune of Bold Robin Hood, &c.



ROBIN HOOD was a tall young Man,
 Derry, derry down,
 And Robin Hood was a proper young Man,
 Of Courage stout and bold.

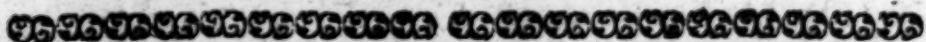
Hey down, derry, derry down.
 Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
 With the General for to dine ;
 There was he aware of fifteen Forresters
 Drinking Beer, Ale, and Wine.

What

What News ? What News ? Said bold *Robin Hood*;
 What News fain would'st thou know ?
 Our King has provided a shooting-Match,
 And I am ready with my Bow.
 We hold it in scorn, said the fifteen Forresters,
 That ever a Boy so young
 Should bear a Bow before our King,
 That's not able to draw one String.
 I'll hold you twenty Marks said bold *Robin Hood*,
 By the Leave of our Lady,
 That I'll hit the Mark an hundred Rod,
 And I'll cause a Hart to die.
 We'll hold you twenty Marks, then said the Forresters,
 By the Leave of our Lady,
 Thou hit not the Mark, an hundred Rod,
 Nor cause the Hart to die.
Robin Hood he bent up a noble good Bow,
 And a broad Arrow he let fly :
 He hit the Mark an Hundred Rod,
 And caused an Hart to die.
 Some say he broke Ribs one or two,
 And some say he broke three ;
 The Arrow in the Hart would not abide,
 But glanc'd in two or three,
 The Hart did skip, and the Heart did leap,
 And the Hart lay on the Ground ;
 The wager is mine, said *Robin Hood*,
 If it were for a thousand Pounds.
 The wager is none of thine, said the Forresters,
 Altho' thou be'st in haste,
 Take up thy Bow, and get thee hence,
 Least we thy sides should baste.
Robin Hood took up his noble good Bow,
 And his broad Arrows all amain ;
 And *Robin* being pleas'd, began for to smile
 As he went over the Plain.
 Then *Robin* he bent his noble good Bow,
 And his broad Arrows he let fly
 Till Fourteen of the Fifteen Forresters
 Upon the Ground did lie.
 He that did the Quarrel first begin,
 Went tripping over the plain :
 But *Robin Hood* bent his noble good Bow,
 And fetch him back again.
 You said I was no Archer, said *Robin Hood*,
 But say so now again ;

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With that he sent another Arrow after him,
Which split his Head in twain.
You have found me an Archer, says bold *Robin Hood*,
Which will make your Wives to wring;
And wish that you had never said the Word,
That I could not have drawn one string,
The People that did live in fair *Nottingham*,
Came running out amain,
Supposing to have taking bold *Robin Hood*,
With the Forresters that were slain.
Some lost Legs, and some lost Arms,
And some did lose their Blood :
But *Robin* he took up his noble good Bow,
And is gone to the merry Green Wood.
They carried these Forresters to fair *Nottingham*,
As many there did know,
They digg'd them Graves in their Church-Yard,
And they bury'd them all on a Row.



3. ROBIN HOOD and the Jolly PINDER of WAKEFIELD.

Shewing how he fought with Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet,
and Little John, a long Summer's Day.

To an excellent Northern Tune.



IN *Wakefield* there lives a jolly *Pinder*,
In *Wakefield* all on the Green,
In *Wakefield* all on the Green:
There is neither Knight nor 'Squire, said the *Pinder*,
Nor Baron so bold
Nor Baron so hold,
E are make a 'Trespas to the Town of *Wakefield*,
But his Pledge goes to the Pinfold,
But his Pledge goes to the Pinfold.

All this he heard three witty young Men,

'Twas *Robin Hood*, *Scarlet*; and *John*;

With that they espy'd the jolly *Pinder*

As he sat under a *Thorn*.

Now turn again, now turn again, said the *Pinder*

For a wrong Way you have gone;

For you have forsaken the King's Highway,

And made a Path over the Corn.

O that were a Shame, said jolly *Robin*;

We being Three, and thou but One.

The *Pinder* leap'd back then Thirty good Foot,

'Twas Thirty good Foot and One.

He lean'd his Back fast to a *Thorn*,

And his Foot against a *Stone*,

And there he fought a long Summer's Day,

And a Summer's Day so long.

'Till that their Swords in their broad Bucklers

Were broken fast in their Hands.

Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said bold *Robin Hood*,

And my merry Men every one;

For this is one of the best *Pinder*,

That ever I try'd with a Sword.

And wilt thou now forsake thy *Pinder's* Craft,

And live in the Green Wood with me?

At *Michaelmas* next my Covenant comes out,

When every Man gathers his Fee,

Then I'll take my blue Blade in my Hand,

And plod to the Green Wood with thee,

Hast either Meat or Drink, said *Robin Hood*,

For my merry Men and me?

have both Bread and Beef, said the *Pinder*

And good Ale of the best;

And that's good Meat enough, said *Robin Hood*,

For such unbidden Guests.

O wilt thou forsake thy *Pinder's* Craft,

And go to the Green Wood with me?

Thou shalt have a Livery twice in the Year,

The one Green and the other Brown,

If *Michaelmas* once was come and gone,

And my Master had paid me my Fee,

Then would I set as little by him,

As my Master doth by me.

4. ROBIN HOOD *and the* BISHOP:

Shewing how ROBIN went to an old Woman's House and changed Cloaths with her, to escape from the BISHOP: and how he robbed him of all his Gold, and made him sing Mass.

Tune of ROBIN HOOD and the STRANGER.



COME Gentlemen all, and listen a While,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
 And a Story to you I'll unfold?
 I'll tell you how *Robin Hood* served the *Bishop*,
 When he robbed him of his Gold.
 As it fell out on a Sun-shining Day.
 When *Phœbus* was in her Prime,
 Boid *Robin Hood*, that Archer good,
 In Mirth would spend some Time,
 And as he walked the Forest along,
 Some Pastime for to spy,
 There was he aware of a proud *Bishop*,
 And of all his Company.
 O what shall I do said *Robin Hood* then,
 If the *Bishop* he doth take me?
 No Mercy he'll show unto me I know:
 Therefore away I'll flee,
 Then *Robin* was stout, and turn'd him about,
 And a little House there did he spy;
 And to an old Wife, to spare his Life,
 He aloud began to cry.
 Why, who art thou, said the old Woman,
 Come tell to me for good?
I am an Outlaw, as many do know;
My Name it is Robin Hood.

And

And yonder's the Bishop and all his Men :

And if that I taken be,

Then Day and Night he'll work my Spite,

And hanged I shall be.

If thou be Robin Hood, said the old Woman,

As thou dost seem to be,

I'll for thee provide thy Person to hide

From the Bishop and his Company.

For I remember one Saturday Night

Thou brought'st me both Shoes and Hose;

Therefore I'll provide thy Person to hide,

And keep thee from thy Foes.

Then give me soon thy Coat of Grey,

And take thou my Matle of Green :

Thy Spindle and Twine unto me resign,

And take thou my Arrows so keen.

And when that Robin Hood was thus array'd,

He went strait to his Company.

With his Spindle and Twine he oft looks behind

For the Bishop and his Company,

O who is yonder, quoth Little John,

That now comes over the Lee?

An Arrow at her I will let fly,

So like an old Witch looks she.

Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said Robin Hood then,

And shoot not thy Arrows so keen :

I am Robin Hood thy Master good,

As quickly shall be seen.

The Bishop he came to the old Woman's House,

And called with a furious Mood,

Come let me see, and bring unto me

That Traytor Robin Hood.

The old Woman she set on a Milk-white Steed,

Himself on a dapple Grey ;

And for Joy he had got Robin Hood,

He went laughing all the Way.

But as they were riding the Forrest along,

The Bishop he chanc'd for to see

A hundred brave Bowmen, stout and bold,

Stand under the Green Wood Tree.

O who is yonder, the Bishop then said,

That's ranging within yonder Wood?

Marry, says the old Woman, I think it be

A Man called Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the Bishop he said,

Which I have here with me?

Why I am a Woman, thou Cuckoldly Bishop,

Lift up my Leg and see.

Then woe is me the Bishop he said,

That ever I saw this Day :

He turn'd him about but *Robin Hood* stout

Call'd to him and bid him stay,

Then *Robin* took hold on the Bishop's Horse,

And tied him fast to a Tree ;

Then *Little John* smil'd his Master upon,

For Joy of his Company.

Robin Hood took his Mantle from his Back,

And spread it upon the Ground,

And out of the Bishop's Portmanteau he

Soon told Five hundred Pound.

Now let him go, said *Robin Hood* ;

Said *Little John*, that must not be,

For I vow and protest he shall sing us a Mass,

Before that he goes from me.

Then *Robin Hood* took the Bishop by the Hand,

And bound him fast to a Tree,

And made him sing a Mass, God wot,

To him and his Yoemandree.

And then they brought him through the Wood,

And set him on his Dapple-Grey,

And gave him the Tail within his Hand ;

And bid him for *Robin Hood* pray.

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## 5. ROBIN HOOD and the BUTCHER.

Shewing how he robbed the SHERIFF of NOT-  
TINGHAM.

Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Beggar.*



COME all you brave Gallants, and listen a while,

With a hey down, down, and a down,

That are this Bower within ;

For of bold *Robin Hood*, that Archer good,

A Song I intend to sing.

Upon

Upon a Time it chanced so,  
 Bold *Robin* in the Forest did 'spy  
 A jolly Butcher with a fine Mare,  
 With his Flesh to the Market did hie.  
 Good Morrow, good Fellow, said jolly *Robin*,  
 What Food hast thou, tell unto me?  
 Thy Trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,  
 For I like well thy Company.  
 The Butcher he answered jolly *Robin*,  
 No Matter where I dwell;  
 For a Butcher I am, and to *Nottingham*  
 I am going my Flesh to sell.  
 What's the Price of thy Flesh? said jolly *Robin*,  
 Come tell it unto me;  
 And the Price of thy Mare, be she ever so dear,  
 For a Butcher I fain would be  
 The Price of my Flesh, the Butcher reply'd,  
 I soon will tell unto thee;  
 With my bonny Mare, and they are not too dear,  
 Four Marks thou must give unto me.  
 Four Marks I will give thee, said jolly *Robin*,  
 Four Marks it shall be thy Fee;  
 The Money come count, and let me mount,  
 For a Butcher I fain would be.  
 Now *Robin* he is to *Nottingham* gone,  
 Tis Butcher's Trade to begin;  
 With a good Intent the Sheriff he went  
 And there he took up his Inn  
 When other Butcher's did open their Shops,  
 Bold *Robin* he then begun;  
 But how for to sell he knew not well,  
 For a Butcher he was but young.  
 When the other Butchers no Meat could sell,  
*Robin* he got both Gold and Fee;  
 For he sold more Meat for One Penny,  
 Then others could do for Three.  
 But when he sold his Meat so fast,  
 No Butcher by him could thrive;  
 For he sold more Meat for One Penny,  
 Then others could do for Five.  
 Which made the Butcher's of *Nottingham*  
 To study as they did stand,  
 Saying, surely he was some Prodigal,  
 That had sold his Father's Land.  
 The Butchers stepp'd up to jolly *Robin*,  
 Acquainted with him to be;

Come



# 24 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

Come, Brother, one said, we be all of one Trade,

Come will you go dine with me?

Accurs'd be his Heart, said jolly *Robin*,

That a Butcher will deny;

I will go with you, my Brethren true,

As fast as I can hie.

But when they to the Sheriff's House came,

To Dinner they hied apace;

And *Robin Hood* he the Man must be

Before them all to say Grace.

Pray God blefs us all, said jolly *Robin*,

And our Meat within this Place;

A Cup of Sack so good will nourish our Blood,

And so I end my Grace.

Come fill us more Wine, said jolly *Robin*,

Let's be merry while we stay;

For Wine and good Cheer, be it ever so dear,

I vow I the Reck'ning will pay,

Come, Brothers, be merry, said jolly *Robin*,

Let's drink, and ne'er give o'er;

For the Shot I will pay, e'er I go my Way,

If it costs me five Pounds or more,

This is a mad Blade, the Butchers then said,

Says the Sheriff he's some Prodigal,

That some Land has sold for Silver and Gold,

And now he doth mean to spend all,

Hast thou any horn'd Beast said the Sheriff,

Good fellow to sell to me?

Yes that I have good Master Sheriff,

I have hundreds two or three,

And a hundred Acres of good free Land,

If you please it for to see:

And I'll make you as good Assurance of it,

As ever my Father did me.

The Sheriff he saddled his good Palfrey,

And took Three hundred Pounds in Gold;

And away he went with *Robin Hood*.

His horned Beasts to behold.

Away then the Sheriff and *Robin* did ride

To the Forest of merry *Sherwood*

Then the Sheriff did say, God blefs us this Day

From a Man they call *Robin Hood*

But when a little farther they came,

Bold *Robin* he chanc'd to spy

An hundred Head of good fat Deer

Come tripping the Sheriff full nigh.

How

How like you my horned Beasts, good Master Sheriff?  
 They be fat and fair to see,  
 I tell thee, good Fellow, I would, I were gone  
 For I like not thy Company.  
 Then Robin set his Horn to his Mouth,  
 And blew out Blasts three;  
 Then quickly and anon there came Little John,  
 And all his Company.  
 What is your Will, Master, then said Little John,  
 I pray come tell unto me?  
 I have brought hither the Sheriff of Nottingham  
 This Day to dine with thee.  
 He is welcome to me then, said Little John,  
 I hope he will honestly pay;  
 I know he has Gold, if it were but well told,  
 Will serve us to drink a whole Day,  
 Then Robin took his Matle from his Back,  
 And laid it upon the Ground;  
 And out of the Sheriff's Postmanteau he  
 Soon told Five hundred Pound.  
 Then Robin he brought him through the Wood,  
 And set him on his Dapple Grey;  
 O have me commended to your Wife at home,  
 So Robin went laughing away.



## 6. ROBIN HOOD and the TANNER.

Or, ROBIN HOOD met with his MATCH.

*Tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.*

IN Nottingham there lived a jolly Tanner,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down  
 His Name is *Arthur-a-Bland*;  
 There is never a Squire in Nottinghamshire  
 Dare bid bold *Arthur* to stand.

Wick

With a lodg-staff upon his Shoulder,  
 So well he can clear his Way :  
 By two and by three he made them to flee,  
 For he hath no Lift to stay.  
 And as he went forth one Summer's Morning,  
 Into the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,  
 To view the red Deer, that run here and there,  
 There met he bold *Robin Hood*.  
 As soon as bold *Robin* did him espy,  
 He though the some Sport would make :  
 Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,  
 And thus unto him he spake.  
 Why, who art thou, thou bold Fellow,  
 That range'st so boldly here ?  
 In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a Thief  
 That comes to steal our King's Deer.  
 For I am a keeper in this Forest,  
 The King puts me in Trust  
 To look to the Deer, that runs here and there ;  
 Therefore stop thee I must.  
 If thou be'st a keeper in this Forest,  
 And hast such a great Command,  
 Yet you must have more Partakers in store,  
 Before you make me to stand.  
 No, I have no more Partakers in store,  
 Or any that I do need :  
 But I have a staff of another Oak Craft,  
 I know it will do the Deed.  
 For thy Sword and thy Bow I care not a Straw.  
 Nor all thy Arrows to boot,  
 If thou get'st a Knock upon thy bare Scop  
 Thou can'st as well sh—t as shoot.  
 Speak cleanly, good Fellow, said jolly *Robin*,  
 And give better Terms unto me ?  
 Else I'll thee correct for thy Neglect,  
 And make thee more mannerly.  
 Marry gap with a wanton, quoth *Arthur-a-Bland*,  
 Art thou such a goodly Man ?  
 I care not a Fig for thy looking so big,  
 Mend yourself where you can.  
 Then *Robin Hood* unbuckled his Belt,  
 And laid down his Bow so long :  
 He took up a Staff of another Oak Craft,  
 That was both stiff and strong.  
 I yield to thy Weapon said jolly *Robin*,  
 Since thou wilt not yield to mine :



# ROBIN HOOD's GARLAND.

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For I have a Staff of another Oak Craft,  
 Not half a Foot longer than thine.  
 But let me measure, said Jolly Robin,  
 Before we begin the Fray;  
 For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,  
 For that will be counted foul Play.  
 I pass not for Length, bold Arthur reply'd,  
 My Staff is of Oak so free;  
 Eight Foot and a half, it will knock down a Calf,  
 And I hope it will knock down thee.  
 Then Robin could no longer forbear,  
 But gave him a very good Knock;  
 But quickly and soon the Blood it ran down,  
 Before it was Ten of the Clock,  
 Then Arthur soon recover'd himself,  
 And gave him a Knock on the Crown,  
 That from every Side of Robin Hood's Head  
 The Blood run trickling down.  
 Then Robin Hood raged like a wild Bear,  
 As soon as he saw his own Blood;  
 Then Bland was in haste, he laid on so fast,  
 As if he had been cleaving of Wood,  
 And about, and about,, and about they went,  
 Like two wild Boars in a Chase,  
 Striving to aim each other to maim,  
 Leg, Arm, or any other Place.  
 And Knock for Knock they lustily dealt,  
 Which held for two Hours or more;  
 That all the Wood rang at every Bang,  
 They ply'd their Work so sore.  
 Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said Robin Hood,  
 And let our Quarrel fall;  
 For here we may thrash our Bones all to mash,  
 And get no Coin at all.  
 And in the Forest of merry Sherwood  
 Hereafter thou shalt be free:  
 God ha' Mercy for nought, my Freedom I bought,  
 I may thank my good Staff, and not thee.  
 What Tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin,  
 Good Fellow I prithee me show?  
 And also me tell in what Place you dwell?  
 For both of these fain would I know.  
 I am a Tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,  
 In Nottingham long have I wrought:  
 And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear  
 I'll tan thy Hide for nought.

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God-a-mercy, good Fellow, said jolly *Robin*,  
 Since thou art so kind and free,  
 And if thou wilt tan my Hide for nought,  
 I'll do as much for thee.  
 And if thou wilt forsake thy Tanner's Trade,  
 To live in the Green Wood with me,  
 My Name is *Robin Hood*, I swear by the Wood,  
 To give the both Gold and Fee.  
 If thou be *Robin Hood*, bold *Arthur* reply'd,  
 As I think well thou art,  
 Then here's my hand, my Name's *Arthur-a-Bland*,  
 We two will never part.  
 But tell me, O tell me, where is *Little John*,  
 Of him I fain would hear;  
 For we are ally'd by the Mother's Side,  
 And he is my Kinsman near.  
 Then *Robin Hood* blew on his Bugle Horn,  
 He blew both loud and shrill;  
 And quick and anon he saw *Little John*,  
 Come tripping over the Hill.  
 O what is the Matter? then said *Little John*,  
 Master, I pray you tell?  
 Why do you stand with your Staff in your Hand,  
 I fear all is not well.  
 O Man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand,  
 The Tanner that stands by my Side;  
 He is a bonny Blade, and Master of his Trade,  
 For he has soundly tann'd my Hide.  
 He is to be commended, then said *Little John*,  
 If he such a Feat can do;  
 If he be so stout, we will have a Bout,  
 And he shall tan my Hide too.  
 Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said *Robin Hood*,  
 For, as I do understand,  
 He's a Yoeman good, of thy own Blood,  
 For his Name is *Arthur-a-Bland*.  
 Then *Little John* threw his Staff away,  
 As far as he could fling,  
 And ran out of Hand to *Arthur-a-Bland*,  
 And about his Neck did cling.  
 With loving Respect, there was no Neglect,  
 They were neither nice nor coy;  
 Each other did face with a lovely Grace,  
 And both did weep for Joy.  
 Then *Robin Hood* took them both by the Hands,  
 And danced about the Oak Tree.

For three merry Men, and three merry Men,  
And three merry Men we be.  
And ever hereafter as long as we live;  
We three will be as one;  
Whe Wood it shall ring, and the old Wife sing,  
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.



## 7. ROBIN HOOD and the Jolly TINKER.

Tune of, *In Summer Time.*



**I**N Summer Time, when Leaves grow green,

Down, a down, Down.

And Birds sing on every Tree,

Hey down, a down, a down,

Robin Hood went to Nottingham,

Down, a down, a down.

As fast as he could dree.

Hey down, a down, a down.

And as he came to Notingham,

A Tinker he did meet,

And seeing him a lusty Blade,

He did him kindly greet:

Where dost thou dwell, quoth Robin Hood,

I pray thee now me tell?

Sad News I hear there is abroad,

I fear all is not well.

What is that News, the Tinker said,

Tell me without Delay;

I am a Tinker by my Trade,

And do live at Banbury,

As for the News, quoth Robin Hood,

It is but as I hear,

Two Tinkers were set in the Stocks,

For drinking Ale and Beer.



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If that be all, the Tinker said,  
 As I may say to you,  
 Your News is not worth a Fart,  
 Since that they all be true.  
 For drinking of good Ale and Bear,  
 You will not lose your Part.  
 No, by my Faith, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 I love it with all my Heart.  
 What News abroad, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 Tell me what thou dost hear?  
 Being thou go'st from Town to Town,  
 Some News thou need'st not fear,  
 All the News I have, the Tinker said  
 I hear it is for good,  
 It is to seek a Bold Outlaw,  
 Which they call *Robin Hood*.  
 I have a Warrant from the King,  
 To take him where I can;  
 If you can tell me where he is,  
 I will make you a Man.  
 The King would give an Hundred Pounds,  
 That he could but him see:  
 And if we can but now him get,  
 It will serve thee and me.  
 Let me see the Warrant, said *Robin Hood*,  
 I will see if it be right,  
 And I will do the best I can  
 For to take him this Night.  
 That will I not, the Tinker said,  
 None with it will I trust;  
 And where he is if you'll not tell,  
 Take him by Force I must.  
 But *Robin Hood* perceiving well  
 How then the Game would go,  
 If you would go to *Nottingham*,  
 We shall find him I know.  
 A Crab-Tree Staff the Tinker had,  
 Which was both good and strong,  
*Robin* he had a good strong Blade;  
 So they went both along,  
 And when they came to *Nottingham*,  
 There they took up their Inn;  
 And they called for Ale and Wine,  
 To drink it was no Sin.  
 But Ale and Wine they drank so fast,  
 That the Tinker he forgot

What

What Thing he was about to do,  
 It fell so to his Lot;  
 That, while the Tinker fell asleep,  
*Robin* made haste away,  
 And left the Tinker in the Lurch,  
 For the great Shot to pay.  
 But when the Tinker did awake  
 And saw that he was gone,  
 He called out then for his Host,  
 And thus he made his Moan:  
 I had a Warrant from the King,  
 Which might have done me good,  
 That is to seek a bold Outlaw,  
 Some call him *Robin Hood*;  
 But, now the Warrant and Money is gone,  
 Nothing I have to pay;  
 And he that promised to be my Friend,  
 Is gone and fled away.  
 That Friend you speak of, said the Host,  
 They call him *Robin Hood*;  
 And when that he first met with you,  
 He meant you little Good.  
 Had I but known it had been he,  
 When that I had him here,  
 The one of us should have try'd our Might  
 Which should have paid full dear,  
 In the mean Time I will away,  
 No longer here I'll abide,  
 But I will go and seek him out,  
 Whatever me betide.  
 But one Thing I would gladly know,  
 What here I have to pay:  
 Ten Shillings just, then said the Host.  
 I'll pay you without Delay;  
 Or else take here my Working Bag,  
 And my good Hammer too,  
 And if I light but on the Knave,  
 I will then soon pay you.  
 The only Way then said the Host,  
 And not to stand in fear,  
 Is to seek him amongst the Parks,  
 Killing of the King's Deer.  
 The Tinker he then went with Speed,  
 And made then no Delay.  
 Till he had found brave bold *Robin Hood*,  
 That they might have a Fray.

At last he 'spy'd him in a Park,  
Hunting then of the Deer :

What Knave is that, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
That doth come me so near ?

No Knave, no Knave, the Tinker said,  
And that you soon shall know,

Whether of us have done any Wrong,  
My Crab-Tree Staff shall show.

Then *Robin* drew his gallant Blade,  
Made then of trusty Steel :

But the Tinker he laid on so fast,  
That he made *Robin* reel.

Then *Robin's* Anger did arise,  
He fought right manfully,

Until he had made the Tinker  
Then almost fit to fly.

With that they laid about again,  
And ply'd their Weapons fast ;

The Tinker thrash'd his Bones so sore,  
That he made him yield at last.

A Boon, a Boon, then *ROBIN* cry'd,  
If thou wilt grant it me :

Before I do it, the Tinker said,  
I'll hang thee on this Tree.

But the Tinker looking him about,  
*ROBIN* his Horn did blow :

Then came unto him *Little John*,  
And *Will Scarlet* also.

What is the Matter, quoth *Little John*,  
You sit on the Highway Side ;

Here is a Tinker that stands by,  
That hath well paid my Hide.

That Tinker then, said *Little John*,  
Fain that Blade would I see,

And I would try what I can do,  
If he'll do as much for me.

But *Robin* then he wish'd them both  
They would the Quarrel cease,

That henceforth we may be as one,  
And ever live in Peace.

And for the jovial Tinker's Part,  
A Hundred Pounds I give

In a Year to maintain him On,  
As long as he doth live.

In Manhood he is a mettled Man,  
And a metal Man by Trade ;

Never



Never thought I that any Man  
Should have made me so afraid.  
And if he will be one of us,  
We will take all one Fare,  
And whatsoever we do get,  
He shall have his full Share.  
So the Tinker he was content  
With them to go along,  
And with them a Part to take:  
And so I end my Song.

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# 8. ROBIN HOOD and ALLEN-A-DALE.

Or, *The Manner of ROBIN HOOD'S rescuing a young Lady from an old Knight, to whom she was going to be Married, and restoring her to ALLEN-A DALE, her former Love.*

*Tune of ROBIN HOOD in the Green Wood.*



C O M E listen to me, you Gallants so free,  
All you that love Mirth for to hear,  
And I will tell you of a bold Outlaw,  
That lived in Nottinghamshire.  
That lived in Nottinghamshire.  
As Robin Hood in the Forest wood,  
All under a green Wood Tree,  
There was he aware of a brave young Man,  
As fine, as fine might be.  
The youngster was cloathed in Scarlet red,  
In Scarlet fine and gay;  
And he did frisk it over the Plain,  
And chaunted a Round-de-lay.  
As Robin Hood next Morning stood  
Amongst the Leaves so gay,  
There did spy the same young Man  
Come drooping along the Way.

The Scarlet he wore the Day before,

It was clean cast away ;

And at every Step he fetch'd a Sigh,

Alack and a well-a-day !

Then stepped forth brave *Little John*,

And *Midge* the Miller's Son,

Which made the young Man bend his Bow,

When as he see them come,

Stand off, stand off, the young Man said,

What is your Will with me ?

You must come before our Master strait,

Under yon Green Wood Tree.

And when he came bold *Robin* before,

*Robin* ask'd him courteously,

O hast thou any Money to spare,

For my merry Men and me ?

I have no Money the young Man said,

But five Shillings and a Ring ;

And that I have kept this seven long Years,

To have it at my Wedding.

Yesterday I should have married a Maid,

But she soon from me was ta'en,

And chosen to be an old Knight's Delight,

Whereby my poor Heart is slain.

What is thy Name, then said *Robin Hood*,

Come tell me without any fail

By the Faith of my Body, then said the young Man,

My Name it is *Allen-a-Dale*.

What wilt thou give me, said *Robin Hood*,

In ready Gold or Fee,

To help thee to thy true Love again,

And deliver her up unto thee ?

I have no Money, then quoth the young Man,

No ready Gold or Fee,

But I will swear upon a Book,

Thy true Servant to be.

How many Miles is it to thy true Love,

Come tell me without any Guile ;

By the Faith of my Body, then said the young Man,

It is but five little Miles.

Then *Robin* he hasted over the Plain,

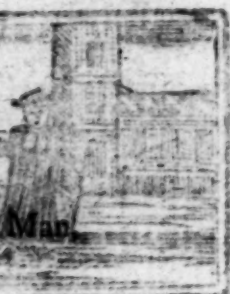
He did neither stint nor lint,

Until he came unto the Church

Where *Allen* should keep his Wedding.

What dost thou here, the Bishop then said,

I prithee now tell ? unto me



I am a bold Harper, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 And the best in the North Country,  
 O welcome, O welcome, the Bishop then said,  
 That Musick best pleasest me.

You shall have no Musick, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 Till the Bride and the Bridegroom I see

With that came in a wealthy Knight,  
 Which was both grave and old;

And after him a finikin Lass  
 Did shine like the glittering Gold.

This is not a fit Match, quoth bold *Robin Hood*,

That you do seem to make here,

For since we are come unto the Church,

The Bride shall chuse her own Dear.

Then *Robin Hood* put his Horn to his mouth,

And blew out Blasts two or three:

Then Four and Twenty Bowmen bold

Came leaping over the Lee.

And when they came into the Church-Yard,

Marching all on a Row,

The first Man was *Allen-a-Dale*,

To give bold *Robin* his Bow.

This is thy true Love, *Robin* he said,

Young *Allen*, as I hear say;

And you shall be marry'd at the same Time,

Before we depart away.

That shall not be, the Bishop he said,

For thy Word shall not stand;

They shall be Three Times ask'd in the Church,

As the Law is of our Land.

*Robin Hood* pull'd off the Bishop's Coat,

And put it upon *Little John*;

By the Faith of my Body, then *Robin* he said,

This Cloth doth make thee a Man.

When *Little John* went to the Choir,

The people began laugh;

He asked them seven Times in the Church,

Least three Times should not be enough.

Who gives this maid, said *Little John*,

Quoth *Robin Hood*, that do I,

And he that takes her from *Allen-a-Dale*,

Full dearly shall her buy.

And thus having ended this merry Wedding,

The Bride she look'd like a Queen;

And so they return'd to the merry green Wood,

Anongst the Leaves so green.





## 9. ROBIN HOOD and the SHEPHERD.

*Shewing how ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, and the  
SHEPHERD, fought a sore Combat.*

*Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.*



**A**LL Gentlemen, and Yeoman good,  
Down, a down, a down,  
I wish you to draw near;  
For a Story of bold Robin Hood  
Unto you I will declare.  
Down, a down, a down,  
As Robin Hood walked the Forest along,  
Some Pastime for to 'spy,  
There he was aware of a jolly Shepherd,  
That on the Ground did lie.  
Arise, arise, said jolly Robin  
And now come let me see  
What's in thy Bag and thy Bottle I say,  
Come tell it unto me.  
What's that to thee, thou proud Fellow,  
Tell me as I do stand?  
What hast thou to do with my Bottle and Bag?  
Let me see thy Command.  
My Sword that hangeth by my Side,  
Is at my Command I know;  
Come let me taste of thy Bottle,  
Or it may breed thee Woe,  
The Devil a Drop, thou proud Fellow,  
Of my Bottle thou shalt see,  
Until thy Valour here be try'd,  
Whether thou't fight or flee.  
What shall we fight for? said Robin Hood,  
Come tell it soon unto me;

Here

Here's Twenty Pounds in good red Gold,  
 Win it and take it thee.  
 The Shepherd stood all in a Amaze,  
 And knew not what to say;  
 I have no Money, thou proud Fellow,  
 But Bag and Bottle I will lay.  
 I am content, thou Shepherd Swain,  
 Fling them down on the Ground;  
 But it will breed the mickle Pain,  
 To win my Twenty Pounds.  
 Come draw thy Sword, thou proud Fellow,  
 Thou standest too long to Prate;  
 This Hook of mine shall let the know  
 A Coward I do hate.  
 So they fell to it full hard and fore,  
 It was on a Summer's Day,  
 From Ten till Four in the Afternoon  
 The Shepherd held him in Play.  
 Robin's Buckler proved his chief Defence,  
 And saved him many a Bang,  
 For every Blow the Shepherd struck  
 Made Robin's Sword cry Twang,  
 Many a sturdy Blow the Shepherd gave,  
 And that bold Robin found,  
 'Till the Blood ran trickling from his Head,  
 Then he fell to the Ground.  
 Arise, arise, thou proud Fellow,  
 And thou shalt have fair Play,  
 If thou wilt yeild before thou go,  
 That I have won the Day.  
 A Boon, a Boon, cry'd bold Robin,  
 If that a Man thou be,  
 Then let me have my Bugle Horn,  
 And blow out Blasts thre,  
 Then said the Shepherd to bold Robin,  
 To that I will agree;  
 For if thou should'st blow 'till To-morrow Morn,  
 I scorn one Foot to flee.  
 Then Robin he set his Horn to his Mouth,  
 And he blew with Might and Main,  
 Until he 'spied Little John  
 Come tripping over the Plain.  
 Who is yonder, thou proud Fellow,  
 That comes down yonder Hill?  
 Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's Man,  
 Shall fight with the thy Fill.

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What is the matter, said *Little John*,  
Master: come tell unto me?

My Case is bad, said *Robin Hood*,  
For the Shepherd hath conquer'd me.

I am glad of that, cries *Little John*,  
Shepherd turn thou to me;

For a Bout with thee I mean to have,  
Either come fight or flee.

With all my Heart, thou proud Fellow,  
For it shall never be said,

That a shepherd's Hook, at thy sturdy Look,  
Will one Jot be dismay'd.

So they fell to it full hard and sore,  
Striving for Victory.

I will know, says *John*, e'er we give o'er,  
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The shepherd gave *John* a sturdy Blow,  
With the Hook under his Chin;

Bestrew thy Heart, saith *Little John*,  
Thou basely dost begin.

Nay, that is nothing, said the Shepherd,  
Either yeild to me the Day,

Or I will bang thee Back and Sides,  
Before thou geest thy Way.

What dost thou think, thou proud Fellow,  
That thou canst conquer me.

Nay, thou shalt know before thou goest,  
I'll fight before I'll flee.

Again the Shepherd laid on him,  
The Shepherd he begun;

Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly *Robin*,  
I will yeild the wager won.

With all my heart, said *Little John*,  
To that I will agree;

For he is the Flower of Shepherd Swains,  
The like I ne'er did see.

Thus have you heard of *Robin Hood*,  
Also of *Little John*;

How a Shepherd Swain did conquer them,  
The like was never known.



10. *The Famous Battle between* **ROBIN HOOD** *and*  
*the Curtal FRYER, near FOUNTAIN-DALE.*

*To a NORTHERN Tune.*



**I** Summer Time, when Leaves grow green,  
And Flowers are fresh and gay,

*Robin Hood* and his merry Men

Were all disposed to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,

And some would use Artillery :

Which of you can a good Bow draw,

A good Archer to be ;

Which of you can kill a Buck ?

Or who can kill a Doe ;

Or who can kill an Hart of GREECE

Five Hundred Foot him fro ;

*Will Scarlet* he did kill a Buck,

And *Midge* he did kill a Doe ;

And *Little John* kill'd an Hart of GREECE

Five Hundred Foot him fro.

God's Blessing's on thy Heart, said *Robin Hood* ;

That shot such a Shot for me ;

I would ride my Horse an Hundred Miles,

To find one could match thee.

That caused *Will Scadlock* to laugh,

He laugh'd full heartily :

There lives a Fryar in *Fountain Abbey*

Will beat both him and thee.

The Curtal Fryar in *Fountain Abbey*

Well can a strong Bow draw,

He will beat you and your Yeomen,

Set them all on a Row

*Robin Hood* took a solemn Oath,

It was by *Mary* free,

That

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That he would neither eat nor drink,  
'Till the Fryar he did see.

*Robin Hood* put on his Harness good,  
And on his Head a Cap of Steel,  
Broad Sword and Buckler by his Side,  
And they became him weel.

He took his Bow into his Hand,  
It was of a trusty Tree,

With a Sheaf of Arrows by his Side,  
And to *Fountain-Dale* went he.

And coming to fair *Fountain-Dale*,  
No further would he ride ;

There he was aware of Curtal Fryar  
Walking by the Water Side,

The Fryar had on an Harness good,  
And on his Head a Cap of Steel,

Broad Sword and Buckler by his Side,  
And they became him weel.

*Robin Hood* lighted from of his Horse,  
And tied him to a Thorn ;

Carry me over the Water, thou Curtal Fryar,  
Or else thy Life's forlorn.

The Fryar took *Robin Hood* on his back,  
Deep Water he did betide,

And neither Spoke good Word nor bad.  
'Till he came on the other Side.

Lightly stept *Robin* off the Fryar's Back :  
The Fryar said to him again,

Carry me over the Water, thou fine Fellow,  
Or it will breed thy pain.

*Robin Hood* took the Fryar on his Back,  
Deep Water he did betide

And spoke neither good Word nor bad  
'Till he came on the other Side.

Lightly leapt the Fryar off *Robin Hood's* Back,  
Bold *Robin* said to him again,

Carry me over the Water, thou Curtal Fryar,  
Or it shall breed thee Pain.

The Fryar took *Robin* on his Back again,  
And stept up to the Knee,

And 'till he came to the middle Stream,  
Neither good or bad spoke he.

And coming to the middle Stream,  
There he threw *Robin* in ;

And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine Fellow,  
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.

*Robin*

*Robin Hood* swam to a Bush of Broom,  
 The Fryar to the Willow Wand;  
 Bold *Robin Hood* is gone to the shore,  
 And took his own Bow in his Hand.  
 One of the best Arrows under his Belt  
 To the Fryar he let fly;  
 The Curtal Fryar with his Steel Buckler  
 Did put his Arrow by.  
 Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine Fellow,  
 Shoot as thou hast begun,  
 If thou shoot here a Summer's Day,  
 Thy Mark I will not shun.  
*Robin Hood* shot then so passing well,  
 'Till his Arrows all were gone;  
 They took their Swords and Steel Bucklers,  
 And fought with Might and Main,  
 From Ten o'Clock that very Day,  
 'Till Four in the Afternoon,  
 Then *Robin Hood* came on his Knees,  
 Of the Fryar to beg a Boon.  
 A Boon, a Boon, thou Curtal Fryar,  
 I beg it on my my Knee;  
 Give me Leave to set my Horn to my Mouth,  
 And to blow Blafts three.  
 That I will do, said the Curtal Fryar,  
 Of thy Blafts I have no Doubt;  
 I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,  
 'Till both thy Eyes drop out.  
*Robin Hood* set his Horn to his Mouth,  
 Blew out Blafts three:  
 Half an hundred Yeoman, with their Bows bent.  
 Came ranging over the Lee.  
 Whose men are these, said the Fryar,  
 That come so hastily?  
 Those are mine, Said *Robin Hood*,  
 Fryar, what's that to thee?  
 A Boon, a Boon, said the Curtal Fryar  
 The like I gave to thee;  
 Give me Leave to set my Fift to my Mouth,  
 And to Whute Whutes three.  
 That will I do, said *Robin Hood*,  
 Or else I were to blame;  
 Three Whutes in a Fryar's Fift  
 Would make me glad a fain.  
 The Fryar he set his Fift to his Mouth,  
 And Whuted him Whutes three;



Half a Hundred good bay Dogs

Came running over the Lee,

Here is for every Man a Dog,

And I myself for thee :

Nay, by my Faith, said *Robin Hood*,

Fryar, that may not be.

Two Dogs at once to *Robin* did go.

The one behind, the other before :

*Robin Hood's* Mantle of Lincoln-Green,

From off his Back they tore.

And whether his Men shot East West,

Or they shot North or South,

The Curtal Dogs, so taught they were,

They caught the arrows in their Mouths.

Take up thy Dogs, said *Little John*,

Fryar, at my bidding thee ;

Whose Man art thou, said the Curtal Fryar,

Comes here to prate to me ?

I am *Little John*, - *Robin Hood's* Man,

Fryar, I will not lye :

If thou take not up thy Dogs anon,

I'll take them up and thee.

*Little John* had a Bow in his Hand,

He shot with Might and Main ;

Soon half a Score of the Fryar's Dogs

Lay dead upon the Plain.

Hold thy hand, good Fellow, said the Curtal Fryar,

Thy Master and I will agree,

And we will have new Orders taken

With all the Haste that may be.

If thou wilt forsake fair *Fountain Dale*,

And *Fountain Abby* free.

Every Sunday throughout the Year

A Noble shall be thy Fee.

Every Sunday throughout the Year

Changed shalt thy Garment be,

And if thou wilt go to fair *Nottingham*,

And there remain with me.

The Curtal Fryar had kept *Fountain Dale*,

Seven long Years and more ;

There was neither Knight, Lord, nor Earl

Could make him yield before.

II. ROBIN HOOD newly Reviv'd:  
Or, *His meeting and fighting with his Cousin*  
SCARLET.  
To a New TUNE.



COME listen awhile, you Gentlemen all,  
With a hey down, down, and a down,  
That are this Bower within ;  
For a Story of gallant *Robin Hood*.  
I purpose now to begin.  
What Time of Day ? quoth *Robin Hood*,  
Quoth *Little John*, 'tis in the Prime :  
Why then we will to the Green Wood gang,  
For we have no Victuals to dine.  
As *Robin Hood* walked the Forest along,  
It was in the Midst of the Day ;  
There he was aware of a dext young Man,  
As ever walk'd on the Way.  
His Doublet was of Silk he said,  
His Stockings like Scarlet shone :  
And bravely he walked along the Way,  
To *Robin Hood* then unknown.  
A Herd of Deer was in the Bend,  
All feeding before his Face :  
Now the best of you I'll have to my Dinner,  
And that in a little Space.  
Now the Stranger he made no mickle ado,  
But he bent a right good Bow,  
And the best of all the Herd he slew,  
Full Forty Yards him fro'.  
Well shot, well shot, said *Robin Hood* then,  
That Shot it was in Time ;  
And if thou wilt accept of the Place,  
Thou shalt be a bold Yeoman of mine.

34 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

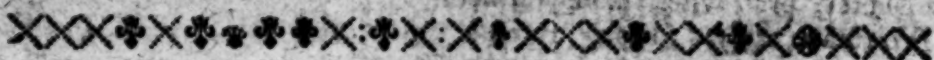
Go play the Chiven, the Stranger then said,  
 Make haste and quickly go,  
 Or with my Fist, before of this,  
 I'll give the Buffets sto.  
 Thou had'st not best Buffet me, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 For altho' I am forlorn,  
 Yet I have those will take my Part,  
 If I do blow my Horn.  
 Thou had'st not best wind thy Horn, the Stranger said.  
 Be'st thou never so much in haste,  
 For I can draw a good broad Sword  
 And quickly cut the Blast.  
 Then *Robin Hood* bent a very good Bow,  
 To shoot, and that he would fain ;  
 The Stranger he bent a very good Bow,  
 To shoot at bold *Robin* again,  
 Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 To shoot it would be in vain ;  
 For if we shoot the one at the other,  
 The one of us must be slain.  
 But let's take our Swords and our broad Bucklers,  
 And gang under yonder Tree.  
 As I hope to be sav'd the Stranger he said,  
 One Foot I will not flee.  
 Then *Robin Hood* lent the Stranger a Blow,  
 Most scared him out of his Wits :  
 Thou never felt Blow, the Stranger he said,  
 That shall be better quit.  
 The Stranger then with a good broad Sword  
 Hit *Robin* on the Crown,  
 That from every Hair of bold *Robin Hood's* Head  
 The Blood it run trickling down.  
 God-a-mercy, good Fellow, quoth *Robin Hood* then,  
 And for this thou hast done,  
 Tell me, good Fellow, what thou art ;  
 Tell me where thou do'st won,  
 The Stranger then answer'd bold *Robin Hood*,  
 I'll tell the where I do dwell :  
 In *Maxfield* Town I was born and bred,  
 My Name is young *Gammewell*.  
 For killing of my Father's Steward,  
 Am forc'd to this *English* Wood,  
 And for to seek an Uncle of mine,  
 Some call him *Robin Hood*.  
 But art thou a Cousin of *Robin Hood* then ?  
 The sooner we shall have done ;



As I hope to be sav'd, the Stranger then said,  
 I am his own Sister's Son.  
 But laud, what Kissing and Courting was there,  
 When these two Cousins did meet!  
 And they went all that Summer's Day,  
 And *Little John* did not meet,  
 But when they met with *Little John*,  
 He then unto him did say:  
 O Master, pray where have you been,  
 You have tarry'd so long away?  
 I met with a Stranger, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 Full sore he hath beaten me;  
 Then I'll have a Bout with him, quoth *Little John*,  
 And try if he can beat me.  
 O no, O no, quoth *Robin Hood* then,  
*Little John*, it may not be so;  
 For he is my own dear Sister's Son,  
 And Cousins I have no mo.  
 But he shall be a bold Yeoman of mine  
 My chief Man next to thee;  
 And I *Robin Hood*, and thou *Little John*,  
 And *Scarlet* he shall be.  
 And we'll be three of the bravest Outlaws  
 That lives in the North Country.  
 If thou wilt hear more of bold *Robin Hood*,  
 In the Second Part it will be.  
 Then bold *Robin Hood* to the North he  
 With Valour and mickle Might,  
 With Sword by his Side, which oft had been try'd,  
 To fight, and recover his Right.  
 The first that he met was a bonny bold *Scot*,  
 His Servant he said he would be;  
 No, quoth *Robin Hood*, it cannot be good,  
 For thou wilt prove false unto me.  
 Thou hast not been true to Sire nor Cuz.  
 Nay, marry, the *Scot* he said,  
 As true as your Heart, I'll never part,  
 Good Master, be not afraid.  
 Then *Robin Hood* turned his Face to the East,  
 Fight on, my merry men stout;  
 Our Case is good, quoth brave *Robin Hood*,  
 And we shall not be beaten out.  
 The Battle grew hot on every Side,  
 The *Scotchmen* made great Moan;  
 Quoth *Jockey*, Geud Faith, they fight on each Side,  
 Would I were with my Wife *Joan*.

36 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

The Enemy compass'd brave *Robin* about,  
 'Tis long e'er the Battle ends;  
 There's neither will yield; nor give up the Field,  
 For both are supply'd with Friends.  
 This Song it was made in *Robin Hood's* Days;  
 Let's pray unto Jove above,  
 To give us true Place, that Mischief may cease,  
 And War may give Peace unto Love.



12. RENOWNED ROBIN HOOD;  
 Or, *His famous Archery truly related, in the worthy*  
*Exploits he performed before Q. CATHERINE.*  
 To a New TUNE.



GOLD ta'en from the King's Harbingers,  
 Down, a down, a down,  
 As seldom hath been seen,  
 Down, a down, a down,  
 And carried by bold *Robin Hood*,  
 For a Present to the Queen,  
 Down, a down, a down.  
 If that I live one Year to an End,  
 Thus did *Queen Catherine* say,  
 Bold *Robin Hood*, I'll be thy Friend,  
 And all thy Yeomen gay.  
 The Queen is to her Chamber gone,  
 As fast as she could wen;  
 She calls unto her lovely Page,  
 His Name was *Richard Partington*.  
 Come thou hither to me, thou lovely Page,  
 Come thou hither to me;  
 For thou must post to *Nottingham*,  
 As fast as thou can'st dree;  
 And as thou go'st to *Nottingham*,  
 Search every *English* Wood,

Enquire

Enquire of one good Yeoman or another,  
That can tell thee of *Robin Hood*,  
Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,  
As fast as he could wen,  
And when he came to *Nottingham*,  
There he took up his Inn.  
He calls for a Bottle of *Rhenish Wine*,  
And drinks a Health to the *Queen*,  
Wishing he might now speedily  
Find out jolly *Robin*.  
There sat a Yeoman by his Side,  
Who said, sweet Page, tell me  
What is thy Business, and thy Cause,  
So far in the North Country ;  
This is my Business and my Cause,  
Sir, I'll tell it you for good,  
To enquire of one good Yeomen or another,  
To tell me of *Robin Hood*.  
I'll get my Horse betimes in the Morn,  
Be it by the Break of Day,  
And I will shew thee bold *Robin Hood*,  
And all his Yeomen gay.  
When that he came to *Robin Hood's Place*,  
He fell down on his Knee ;  
*Queen Catharine* she does greet you well,  
She greets you well by me.  
She bids you post to fair *London Court*,  
Not fearing any thing ;  
For there shall be a little Sport.  
And she has sent you her Ring.  
*Robin Hood* took his Mantle from his Back,  
It was of *Lincoln Green*,  
And sent it by this lovely Page,  
For a Present to the *Queen*.  
In Summer Time, when Leaves grow green,  
'Twas a seemly Sight to see,  
How *Robin Hood* had drest himself  
And all his Yeomandree.  
He cloathed his Men in *Lincoln Green*,  
And himself in *Scarlet Red* ;  
Black Hats, white Feathers all alike,  
Now bold *Robin Hood* is rid,  
And when he came to *London Court*,  
He fell down on his Knee.  
Thou art welcome, *Lockley*, said the *Queen*,  
And all thy Yeomandree.



38 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

Come hither, *Topus*, said the King,  
Bow-bearer after me;

Come measure me out with the Line,  
How long our Mark must be.

What is this Wager? said the Queen;  
For that I must know here;

Three Hundred Tun of Rhenish Wine,  
Three Hundred Tun of Beere;

Three Hundred of the fattest Harts  
That run on *Dallem Lee*;

That's a Princely Wager, said the Queen,  
That I must needs tell thee.

With that bespoke one *Clifton* then,  
Full quickly and full soon,

Measure no Mark for us, most Sovereign Liege,  
We will shoot at Sun and Moon.

Full fifteen Score your Mark shall be,  
Full fifteen Score shall stand:

I'll lay my Bow, said *Clifton* then,  
I'll cleave the Willow-Wand.

With that the King's Archers led about,  
'Till it was three to one;

With that the Ladies began for to thout.  
Madam, your Game is gone,

A Boon, a Boon, Queen *Catherine* cries,  
I crave it on my Knee;

Is there ever a Knight of your Privy Council  
On Queen *Catherine's* Side will be?

Come hither to me, Sir *Robert Lee*,  
Thou art a Knight full good;

For I do know by thy Pedigree,  
Thou sprung'st from *Gower's* Blood;

Come hither to me, thou Bishop of *Hertfordshire*,  
For a noble Priest was he;

By my Silver Mitre, said the Bishop then,  
I'll not bet one Penny.

The King has Archers of his own,  
Full ready and full right:

And these be Strangers every one,  
No Man knows what they height.

What wilt thou bet? said *Robin Hood*,  
Thou seest our Game's the worse;

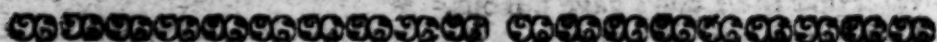
By my Silver Mitre, then said the Bishop,  
All the Money within my Purse.

What is in thy Purse? said *Robin Hood*,  
Now throw it on the Ground;

Ninety-nine Angels, said the Bishop,  
 It's near an Hundred Pound.  
*Robin Hood* took his Bag from his Side,  
 And threw it on the Green ;  
*Will Scadlock* then went smiling away,  
 I know who this Money must win.  
 With that the King's Archers led about,  
 While it was three to three ;  
 With that the Ladies gave a shout,  
*Woodcock*, beware thy Knee.  
 It is three to three now, said the King,  
 The next three pays for all ;  
*Robin Hood* went and wisper'd the Queen,  
 The Kings Part shall be but small.  
 Then *Robin Hood* did leap about,  
 He shot it under Hand ;  
 And *Clifton* with a bearing Arrow,  
 He clove the Willow Wand.  
 And little *Midge*, the Miller's Son,  
 He shot not much the worse ;  
 He shot within a Finger of the Prick ;  
 Now Bishop, beware thy Purse.  
 A Boon, a Boon, Queen *Catherine* cries,  
 I crave it on my bare Knee.  
 That you will angry be with none  
 That is of my Party.  
 They shall have Forty Days to come,  
 And Forty Days to go,  
 And three times Forty to sport and play,  
 Then welcome Friend or Foe.  
 Thou art welcome, *Robin Hood*, said the Queen,  
 And so is *Little John*,  
 And so is *Midge* the Miller's Son :  
 Thrice welcome every one.  
 Is this *Robin Hood*, the King then said,  
 For it was told to me,  
 That he was slain in the Palace Gate,  
 So far in the North Country.  
 Is this *Robin Hood*, quoth the Bishop then,  
 As it seems well to be ;  
 Had I known it had been that bold Outlaw,  
 I would not have bet one Penny.  
 He took me late one Sunday Night,  
 And bound me fast to a Tree,  
 And made me sing a Mass, God wot  
 To him and his Yeomandree.

40 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

What, and if I did, says *Robin Hood*,  
Of that Mass I was full fain ;  
For Recompence of that, he says,  
Here's Half thy Gold again.  
Now nay, now nay, says *Little John*,  
Master, that may not be,  
We must give Gifts to the King's Officers ;  
That Gold will serve thee and me.



13 ROBIN HOOD'S CHACE:  
Or, *A merry Progress between* ROBIN HOOD  
and King HENRY.

*Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.*



COME you Gallants all, to you I call,  
*With a hey down, down, and a down,*  
That are now in this Place ;  
For a Song I will sing of *Henry* our King,  
How he did bold *Robin Hood* chace.  
*Queen Catherine* she then a Match did make,  
As plainly doth appear,  
For three hundred Tun of good Red Wine,  
And three Hundred Tun of Beer :  
But she had her Archers to seek,  
With their Bows and Arrows so good ;  
But her Mind it was bent, with a full Intent,  
To send for bold *Robin Hood*.  
But when bold *Robin Hood* he came there,  
*Queen Catherine* she did say,  
Thou art welcome, *Locksley*, unto me,  
And thou on my Part must be.  
If I miss the Mark, be it light or dark,  
And all my Yeomen gay,  
For a Match of Shooting I have made  
Then hanged will I be.

But



But when the Game came to be play'd,  
 Bold *Robin* won it with Grace;  
 But after the King was angry with him,  
 And vow'd he wou'd him chace.  
 What tho' his Pardon granted was,  
 While he with him did stay;  
 But yet the King was vex'd at him  
 When he was gone away.  
 Soon after the King from Court did hie,  
 In a furious angry Mood,  
 And often enquired both far and near  
 After bold *Robin Hood*.  
 But when the King to *Nottingham* came,  
 Bold *Robin* was in the Wood:  
 O come, said he, and let me see  
 Who can find bold *Robin Hood*.  
 But when Bold *Robin* he did hear,  
 The King had him in Chace;  
 Then said *Little John*, 'tis Time be gone,  
 And go to some other Place.  
 Then away they went from merry *Sherwood*,  
 And into *Yorkshire* he did hie,  
 And the King did follow with a hoop and a hallo,  
 But could not him come nigh.  
 Yet jolly *Robin* he passed along,  
 And went strait to *Newcastle Town*,  
 And there they staid Hours two or three  
 And then he to *Berwick* was gone.  
 When the King did see how *Robin* did flee,  
 He was vexed wonderous sore;  
 With a hoop and hallo he vowed to follow,  
 And take him, or never give o'er.  
 Come now let's away, said *Little John*,  
 Let any Man follow that dare;  
 To *Carlisle* we'll hie, with our Company,  
 And so then to *Lancaster*.  
 From *Lancaster* then to *Chester* the went,  
 And so did good King *Henry*;  
 But *Robin* went away, for he durst not stay,  
 For fear of some Treachery.  
 Says *Robin* come let us for *London* go,  
 To see our noble Queens Face;  
 It may be she wants our Company,  
 Which makes the King us chace,  
 When *Robin* he came Queen *Catherine* before,  
 He fell upon his Knees!



## 42 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

If it please your Grace, I am come to this Place.

To speak with King *Henry*.

Queen *Catherine* answer'd bold *Robin* again,

The King is gone to merry *Sherwood*,

And when he went away, to me he did say,

He would go and seek *Robin Hood*.

Then fare you well, my gracious Queen,

For to *Sherwood* I'll hie apace ;

For fain would I see what he'd have with me,

If I could but meet with his Grace.

But when King *Henry* he came home,

Full weary, and vex'd in Mind ;

And that he did hear *Robin* had been there,

He blamed Dame Fortune unkind.

Your welcome home, Queen *Catherine* cry'd,

*Henry* my Soverign Liege ;

Bold *Robin Hood*, the Archer good,

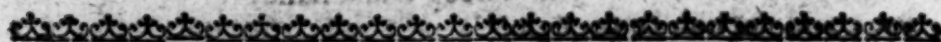
Your Person hath been to seek.

A Boon, a Boon, Queen *Catherine* cry'd,

I beg it here of your Grace,

To pardon his Life, and seek not Strife ;

And so ends *Robin Hood*'s Chace.



## 14. ROBIN HOOD'S Golden Prize.

*Shewing how he robb'd two PRIESTS of Five Hundred Pounds.*

*Tune of ROBIN ROOD was a tall young Man, &c.*



I Have heard talk of *ROBIN HOOD*,

*Derry, derry down,*

And of brave *Little John*,

Of *Fryar Tuck*, and *Will Scarlet*,

*Locksley*, and *Maid Marian*:

But

But such a Tale as this befell,  
 I think, was never known;  
 For *Robin Hood* disguised himself,  
 And from the Wood is gone.  
 Like to a Fryar bold *Robin Hood*  
 Was accoutred in his Array:  
 With Hood, Gown, Beeds, and Crucifix,  
 He passed upon the Way.  
 He had not gone past Miles two or three,  
 But it was his Chance to espy  
 Two lusty Priests clad all in Black,  
 Come riding gallantly.  
 Benedicite, then said *Robin Hood*,  
 Some Pity on me take;  
 Crows you my Hand with a single Groat,  
 For our dear Lady's Sake.,  
 For I have been wand'ring all this Day,  
 And nothing could I get;  
 Not so much as one poor Cup of Drink,  
 Nor Bit of Bread to eat.  
 Now by our holy Dame, the Priests reply'd,  
 We never a Penny have,  
 For we this Morning have been robb'd,  
 And could no Money save,  
 I am much afraid, said bold *Robin Hood*,  
 That you do both tell a Lye;  
 And now before you do go hence,  
 I am resolved to try.  
 When as the Priests heard him say so,  
 Then they rode away again;  
 But *Robin Hood* betook to his Heels,  
 And soon overtook them again.  
 Then *Robin Hood* laid hold of them both,  
 And pull'd them down from their Horse  
 O spare us, Fryar, the Priest cry'd out,  
 On us have some Remorse.  
 You said you had no Money, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 Wherefore, without Delay,  
 We three will fall down upon our Knees,  
 And for Money we will pray,  
 The Priests they could not him gainsay,  
 But down they Kneel with Speed:  
 Send us, O send us, then quoth they,  
 Some Money to serve our Need.  
 The Priests did pray with mournful Chear,  
 Sometimes their Hands did wring;

Sometimes



44 **ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.**

Sometimes they wept and tore their Hair,  
 Whilst Robin did merrily sing.  
 When they had been praying for an **Hob's Space**,  
 The Priests did still lament;  
 Then, quoth Robin, now let us see  
 What Money Heaven hath us sent.  
 We will be Shares all alike  
 Of Money that we have:  
 And there is never a one of us  
 That is Fellow shall deceive.  
 The Priests their Hands in their Pockets put  
 But Money could find none:  
 We will search ourselves, said Robin Hood,  
 Each other, one by one,  
 Then Robin Hood took Pains to search them;  
 And found good Store of Gold,  
 Five Hundred Pieces presently  
 Upon the Grass he told.  
 Here is a brave shew, said Robin Hood,  
 Such Store of Gold to see,  
 And you each one, shall have a Part,  
 Because you prayed so heartily,  
 He gave them Fifty Pounds a-piece,  
 And the rest himself did keep;  
 The Priests they durst not speak one Word,  
 But sighing wond'rous deep.  
 With that the Priests rose up from their Knees,  
 Thinking to have parted so:  
 Nay, nay, says Robin Hood, one Thing more  
 I have to say e'er you go:  
 You shall be sworn, says bold Robin Hood,  
 Upon this holy Grass,  
 That you will never tell Lies again,  
 Which Way soever you do pass.  
 The second Oath that you here must make,  
 That all the Days of your Lives  
 You never shall tempt Maids unto Sin,  
 Nor lie with other Men's Wives.  
 The last Oath you shall take, is this,  
 Be charitable to the Poor:  
 Say you met with a holy Fryar,  
 And I desire no more.  
 He set them on their Horses again;  
 And away then they did ride;  
 And he return'd to the merry Green Wood,  
 With great Joy, Mirth, and Pride,

15. ROBIN HOOD *Rescuing Will*  
*Stutely from the Sheriff and his Men, who*  
*had taken him Prisoner, and were going to hang him.*

*Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.*



**W**HEN Robin Hood in the Green Wood flood,  
*Derry, derry down,*  
 Under the Green Wood Tree,  
 Tidings there came to him with Speed,  
 Tidings for Certainty.

*Hey down, derry, derry down.*  
 That *Will Stutely* surprized was,  
 And eke in Prison lay ;  
 Thee Varlets that the King had hir'd,  
 Did basely him betray,

Ay, and To-morrow hanged must be.  
 To-Morrow as soon as 'tis Day ;  
 Before they could the Victory get,  
 Two of them did *Stutely* slay.

When *Robin Hood* did hear this News,  
 Lord ! it did grieve him sore ;  
 And to his merry Men he did say,  
 Who altogether swore,

That *Will Stutely* should rescu'd be,  
 And be brought back again :  
 Or else should many a gallant Wight  
 For his Sake there be slain.

He cloathed himself in Scarlet then,  
 His Men were all in Green ;  
 A finer Show throughout the World  
 In no Place could be seen.

Good Lord ! it was a gallant Sight  
 To see them all on a Row ;

With

With every Man a good broad Sword,  
 And eke a good Yew Bow;  
 Forth of the Green Wood are they gone,  
 Yea all courageously,  
 Resolving to bring *Stutely* home,  
 Or every Man to die.  
 And when they came the Castle near,  
 Wherein *Will. Stutely* lay;  
 I hold it good, said *Robin Hood*,  
 We here in Ambush stay,  
 And send one forth some News to hear,  
 To yonder *Palmer* fair,  
 That stands under the Castle-Wall;  
 Some News he may declare.  
 With that steps forth a brave young Man,  
 Which was of Courage bold;  
 Thus he did speak to the Old Man,  
 I pray thee, *Palmer* old,  
 Tell me if thou rightly ken,  
 When must *Will. Stutely* die;  
 Who is one of bold *Robin's Hood* Men,  
 And here doth Prisoner lie.  
 Alas! alas! the *Palmer* said,  
 And for ever Woe is me!  
*Will. Stutely* hang'd will be this Day,  
 On yonder Gallows Tree.  
 O had his noble Master known,  
 He would some Succour send:  
 A few of his bold Yoemandree  
 Full soon would fetch him hence.  
 Ay, that is true, the young Man said;  
 Ay, that is true, said he;  
 Or if they were near to this Place,  
 They soon would set him free.  
 But fare the well, thou good old Man,  
 Farewell, and Thanks to thee;  
 If *Stutely* hang'd be this Day,  
 Reveng'd his Death will be.  
 No sooner was he from the *Palmer* gone,  
 But the Gates were open'd wide,  
 And out of the Castle *Will. Stutely* came,  
 Guarded on every Side.  
 When he was forth to the Castle come,  
 And saw no Help was nigh;  
 Thus he did say unto the Sheriff,  
 Thus he said gallantly;



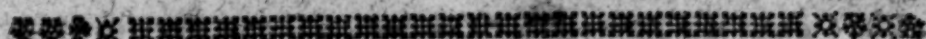
Now seeing that I needs must die,  
Grant me one Boon, said he ;  
For my noble Master ne'er had Man  
That yet was hang'd on a Tree .  
Give me a Sword all in my Hand,  
And let me be unbound,  
And with thee and thy Mem I'll fight,  
'Till I lie dead on the Ground.  
But this Desire he would not grant,  
His Wishes was in vain ;  
For the Sheriff swore he hang'd should be,  
And not by the Sword be slain.  
Do but unbind my Hands, he says,  
I will no Weapon crave :  
And if I hanged be this Day,  
Damnation let me have.  
O no, no, no, the Sheriff said,  
Thou shalt on the Gallows die,  
Ay, and so shall thy Master too,  
If ever it in me lie.  
O dastard Coward, *Stutely* cries,  
Faint-hearted Peasant Slave !  
If ever my Master do thee meet,  
Thou shalt thy Payment have.  
My noble Master doth thee scorn,  
And all thy cowardly Crew ;  
Such silly Imps unable are  
Bold *Robin* to subdue.  
But when he was to the Gallows gone,  
And ready to bid adieu,  
Out of a Bush steps *Little John*,  
And comes *Will. Sutely* to :  
I pray thee, *Will.* before thou die,  
Of thy dear Friends take Leave ;  
I needs must borrow him awhile,  
How say you, Master Sheriff ?  
Now, as I live, the Sheriff said,  
That Varlet will I know :  
Some Sturdy Rebel is that same,  
Therefore let him not go.  
The *Little John* most hastily  
Away cut *Stutely's* Bands,  
And from one of the Sheriff's Men  
A Sword twich'd from his Hands.  
Here *Will.* take thou this same,  
Thou can'st it better sway ;

And

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And here defend thyself awhile,  
 For Aid will come straitway.  
 And there they turn'd them Back for Back,  
 In the midst of them, that Day,  
 'Till *Robin Hood* approached near,  
 With many an Archer gay.  
 With that an Arrow from them flew,  
 I wist from *Robin Hood*;  
 Make haste, make haste, the Sheriff he said,  
 Make haste, for it is not good.  
 The Sheriff is gone, and his doughty Men,  
 Thought it no boot to stay,  
 But, as their Master had them taught,  
 They ran full fast away.  
 O stay, O stay, *Will Stutely* said,  
 Take Leave 'ere you depart:  
 You ne'er will catch bold *Robin Hood*,  
 Unless you dare him meet.  
 O i'll betide you, said *Robin Hood*,  
 That you so soon are gone;  
 My Sword may in the Scabbard rest,  
 For here our Work is done.  
 I little thought, *Will Stutely* said  
 When I come to this Place,  
 For to have met with *Little John*,  
 Or seen my Master's Face.  
 Thus *Stutely* was at Liberty set,  
 And safe brought from his Foe;  
 O Thanks, O Thanks to my Master,  
 Since here it was not so.  
 And once again, my Fellows all,  
 We shall in the Green Wood meet,  
 Where we will make our Bow-Strings twang,  
 Musick for us most sweet.





16. *The Noble FISHER-MAN:*  
Or, ROBIN HOOD's *Preferment*

Tune of, *In Summer Time.*



**I**N Summer Time when Leaves grow Green,  
When they do grow both green and long,  
Of a bold Outlaw call'd *Robin Hood*,  
It is of him I sing this Song.  
When the Lilly Leaf, and Cowslip sweet  
Both bud and spring with merry Cheer,  
This Outlaw was weary of the Wood side,  
And a chasing of the King's Deer.  
The Fishermen brave more Money have.  
Then any Merchant two or three;  
Therefore I will to *Scarborough* go,  
That I a Fisherman may be  
This Outlaw call'd his merry Men all,  
As they sat under the Green Wood Tree:  
If any of you have Gold to spend,  
I pray you heartily spend it with me.  
Now, quoth *Robin Hood*, I'll to *Scarborough* go,  
It seems to be a very fine Day:  
He took up his Inn at a Widow Woman's House,  
Hard by the Waters gray,  
Who asked him, Where wert thou born?  
Or tell me where thou dost fare?  
I am a poor Fisherman, said he then,  
This Day intrapped all in Care.  
What is thy Name, thou fine Fellow?  
I pray thee heartily tell to me  
In mine own Country where I was born,  
Men call me *Simon over the Lea*.  
*Simon, Simon*, said the good Wife,  
I wish thou may'st well brook thy Name.



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The Outlaw was aware of her Courtesy,  
 And rejoiced he had got such a Dame,  
*Simon*, wilt thou be my Man?  
 And good round Wages I'll give thee;  
 I have a good Ship of my own,  
 As any that sails upon the Sea.  
 Anchors and Planks thou shalt want none,  
 Masts and Planks that are so long.  
 And if that thou wilt furnish me,  
 Said *Simon*, nothing shall go wrong;  
 They pluck'd up Anchor, and away did sail,  
 More of a Day than two three;  
 When others cast in their baited Hooks,  
 The bare Lines into the Sea cast he.  
 It will be long, said the Master then,  
 E'er this great Lubber do thrive on the Sea,  
 He shall have no Share in our Fish,  
 For in Truth he is in no Part worthy.  
 O woe is me, said *Simon* then,  
 This Day that I ever came here!  
 I wish I were in *Plumpton Park*,  
 Chasing of the Fallow Deer.  
 For every Clown laugheth me to scorn,  
 And by me sets nothing at all;  
 If I had them in *Plumpton-Park*.  
 I would set as little by them all.  
 They pluck'd up Anchor, and away did sail,  
 More of a Day then two or three;  
 But *Simon* 'spy'd a Ship of War,  
 That failed towards them vigorously.  
 O woe is me, said the Master then,  
 This Day that ever I was born;  
 For all the Fish that we have got  
 Is every Bit lost and furlorn!  
 For these *French* Robbers on the Sea,  
 They will not spare of us one Man,  
 But carry us to the Coast of *France*,  
 And lay us in a Prison strong.  
 But *Simon* said, do not fear them,  
 Neither, Master, take you Care;  
 Give me a bent Bow in my Hand,  
 And never a *Frenchman* will I spare.  
 Hold thy Peace, thou long Lubber,  
 For thou art nought but Brags and Boast;  
 If I should cast you over-board,  
 There is but a simple Lubber lost.

*Simon*

~~Simon~~ grew angry at these Words,  
 And so angry then was he;  
 Then he took his bent Bow in his Hand,  
 And in the Ship-hatch goeth he.  
 Master, tye me to the Mast, he said  
 That at my Mark I may stand fair,  
 And give me my bent Bow in my Hand,  
 And never a *Frenchman* will I spare.  
 He drew his Arrow to the Head,  
 And drew it with Might and Main;  
 And strait in the Twinkling of an Eye,  
 To the *Frenchmen's* Heart the Arrow gain,  
 The *Frenchman* fall down on the Ship-hatch,  
 And under the Hatches down below;  
 Another *Frenchman* that him espy'd,  
 The dead Corpse into the Sea did throw.  
 O Master, loose me from the Mast, he said,  
 And for them all take you no Care,  
 And give me my bent Bow in my Hand,  
 And never a *Frenchman* will I spare.  
 Then strait he boarded the *French Ship*,  
 They lying all dead in their Sight;  
 They found within their Ship of War  
 Twelve Thousands Pounds of Money bright.  
 The one Half of the Ship, said *Simon* then,  
 I'll give to my Dame and Children small;  
 The other Half of the Ship I'll give  
 To you that are my Fellows all.  
 But now bespoke the Master then,  
 For so, *Simon*, it shall not be;  
 For you have won it with your Hands,  
 And the Owner of it you must be.  
 It shall be so as I have said,  
 And with this Gold for the Opprest  
 An Habitation will I build,  
 Where they shall live in Peace and Rest.



17. ROBIN HOOD'S *Delight* :

*Or, A new Combat fought between ROBIN HOOD,  
LITTLE JOHN, and WILL. SCARLET, with  
three stout KEEPERS in Sherwood Forest.*

*To the Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.*



**T**HERE's some will talk of Lords and Knights,  
*Down, a down, a down.*

And some of Yoemen good ;  
But I will tell you of *Will. Scarlet,*  
*Little John, and Robin Hood.*

They were Outlaws, as 'tis well known,  
And Men of noble Blood,  
And many a Time their Valour was shewn  
In the Forest of merry *Sherwood.*

Upon a Time it chanced so,  
As *Robin* would have it be,  
They all three would a walking go,  
The Pastime for to see.

And as they walked the Forest along,  
Upon a Midsummer's Day,  
There was he aware of three Foresters,  
Clad all in Green Array.

With brave long Falchions by their Sides,  
And Forest Bills in their Hands,  
They called aloud to these Outlaws,  
And charged them to stand.

Why, Who are you, cry'd bold *Robin,*  
That Speak so boldly here ?

We three belong to King *Henry,*  
And keepers of his Deer,

The Devil you are, says *Robin Hood,*  
I am sure it is not so ;

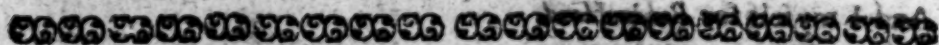
We be the Keepers of this Forest,  
And that you soon shall know.

Your



Your Coats of Green lay on the Ground,  
 And so we will all three,  
 And take your Swords and Bucklers round,  
 And try the Victory.—  
 We be content the Keepers said,  
 We be three and no less,  
 Then why should we of you be afraid,  
 As we never did transgress?  
 Why, if you be Keepers in this Forest,  
 We be three Rangers good,  
 And will make you know, before you do go,  
 You met with bold *Robin Hood*.  
 We be be content, thou bold Outlaw,  
 Our Valour here to try,  
 And will make you know before you do go,  
 We will fight before we fly.  
 Then, come draw your Sword, you bold Outlaws,  
 No longer stand to prate,  
 But let us try it with Blows,  
 For Cowards we do hate.  
 Here is one for *Will Scarlet*,  
 And another for *Little John*,  
 And I myself for *Robin Hood*,  
 Because he his stout and strong.  
 So they fell to it full hard and sore,  
 It was on a Midsummer Day;  
 From Eight of the Clock, 'till Two and past,  
 They all shew'd gallant Play.  
 There *Robin*, *Will*, and *Little John*,  
 They fought most Manfully,  
 'Till all their Wind was spent and gone,  
 Then *Robin* aloud did cry:  
 O hold, O hold, cries bold *Robin*  
 I see you be stout Men;  
 Let me blow one Blast on my Bugle Horn,  
 Then I'll fight with you again.  
 That Bargain is to make, *Robin Hood*,  
 Therefore we it deny;  
 Thy Blast upon the Bugle Horn  
 Cannot make us fight or fly.  
 Therefore fall on or else be gone,  
 And yield to us the Day;  
 It never shall be said that we are afraid  
 Of thee, or thy Yoemen gay.  
 If that be so, cries *Robin Hood*,  
 Let me but know your Names,

And in the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,  
 I shall extol your Fames.  
 And with our Names one of them said,  
 What hast thou here to do?  
 Except thou wilt fight it out.  
 Our Names thou shalt not know.  
 We'll fight no more, says bold *Robin Hood*,  
 You be Men of Valour stout;  
 Come and go with me to *Nottingham*,  
 And there we will fight it out.  
 With a Butt of Sack we will hang it about,  
 To see who wins the Day;  
 And for the Cost make you no Doubt,  
 I have Gold enough to pay,  
 And ever hereafter as long as we live.  
 We all will Brethern be;  
 For I love those Men with Heart and Hand,  
 That will fight and never flee.  
 So away they went to *Nottingham*,  
 With Sack to make Amends;  
 In three Days they the Wine did chace,  
 And drank themselves good Friends.



### 18. ROBIN HOOD and the BEGGAR:

*Shewing how he and the BEGGAR fought, and changed  
 Cloaths; how he went a Begging to Nottingham;  
 and how he saved three Brethren from Hanging  
 for stealing of Deer.*

*Tune of ROBIN HOOD and the STRANGER.*



COME light and listen, you Gentlemen all,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down,  
 That Mirth do love for to hear,  
 And a Story true I'll tell unto you,  
 If that you will but draw near.

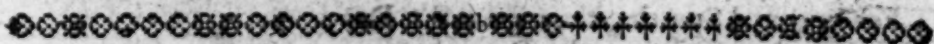
In elder Times when Merriment were,  
 And Archery was holden good,  
 There was an Outlaw as many do know,  
 Which Men call *Robin Hood*.  
 Upon a Time it chanced so,  
 Bold *Robin* was merry dispos'd,  
 His Time for to spend, he did intend,  
 Either with Friends or Foes,  
 Then he got up upon a gallant Steed,  
 The which was worth Angels ten,  
 With a Mantle of Green, most brave to be seen,  
 He left all his merry Men.  
 And riding towards *Nottingham*,  
 Some Pastime for to 'spy,  
 There was he aware of a jolly Beggar  
 As e'er he beheld with his Eye.  
 An old patch'd Coat the Beggar had on,  
 Which he daily did use for to wear;  
 And many a Bag about him did wag,  
 Which made *Robin Hood* to him repair.  
 God speed, God speed, said *Robin Hood* then,  
 What Countryman? Tell unto me.  
 I am *Yorkshire*, Sir, but 'ere you go far,  
 Some Charity give unto me.  
 I have no Money, said *Robin Hood* then,  
 But a Ranger within the Wood;  
 I am an Outlaw as many do know,  
 My Name is *Robin Hood*.  
 But yet I must tell thee, bonny Beggar,  
 That a bout with thee I must try?  
 Thy Coat of Grey lay down I say,  
 And my Mantle of Green shall lie by.  
 Content, content, the Beggar he cry'd,  
 Thy Part it will be the worse;  
 For I hope this Bout to give thee the Rout,  
 And then have at thy Purse.  
 The Beggar he had a mickle long Staff,  
 And *Robin* he had a Nut-brown Sword;  
 The Beggar drew nigh, and at *Robin* let fly.  
 But gave him never a Word.  
 Fight on, fight on, said *Robin Hood* then,  
 This Game well pleaseth me,  
 For every blow that *Robin* gave,  
 The Beggar gave buffets three,  
 And fighting there full hardy and sore,  
 Not far from *Nottingham Town*,



## 56 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

They never fled 'till from *Robin Hood's* Head  
 The Blood it run trickling down.  
 O hold thy Hand, said *Robin Hood*,  
 And thou and I will agree :  
 If that be true, the Beggar he said,  
 Thy Mantle come give unto me.  
 Now a Change, a Change, said *Robin Hood*,  
 Thy Bags and Coat give me ;  
 And this Mantle of mine I'll to thee resign,  
 My Horse and my Bravery.  
 When *Robin* had got the Beggar's Cloaths,  
 He looked round about ;  
 Methinks, said he, I seem to be  
 A Beggar brave and stout.  
 For now I have a Bag for my Bread,  
 So I have another for my Corn :  
 I have one for Salt, and another for Malt,  
 And one for my little Horn,  
 And now I will a Begging go,  
 Some Charity for to find ;  
 And if any more of *Robin* you'll know,  
 In the second Part it's behind.  
 Now *Robin* he is to *Nottingham* bound,  
 With his Bag hanging down to his Knee,  
 His Staff and his Coat scarce worth a Groat,  
 Yet merrily passed he.  
 As *Robin* he passed the Streets along,  
 He heard a pitiful Cry ;  
 Three Brethren dear, as he did hear,  
 Condemned were to die  
 Then *Robin* he hied to the Sheriff's House,  
 Some Relief for to seek ;  
 He skipt and leap'd and caper'd full high,  
 As he went along the Street.  
 But when to the Sheriff's House he came,  
 There a Gentleman fine and brave,  
 Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me  
 What it is thou would'st have ?  
 No Meat, nor Drink, said *Robin Hood* then,  
 That I come here to crave ;  
 But to get the Lives of Yoemen three,  
 And that I fain would have  
 That cannot be, thou bold Beggar,  
 Their Fact it is so clear ;  
 I tell to thee, they hang'd must be,  
 For stealing our King's Deer.

But when to the Gallows they did come,  
 There was many a weeping Eye;  
 O hold your Peace, said Robin Hood then,  
 For certain they shall not die.  
 Then Robin he set his Horn to his Mouth,  
 And he blew out Blasts three,  
 'Till a Hundred bold Archers brave  
 Came kneeling down to his Knee.  
 What is your Will, Master? said they,  
 We are at thy Command:  
 Shoot East, shoot West, said Robin then,  
 And see you spare no Man  
 Then they shot East, and they shot West,  
 Their Arrows were so keen;  
 The Sheriff he, and his Company,  
 No longer could be seen.  
 Then he stept to those Brethren three,  
 And away he haft them ta'en;  
 The Sheriff he was crost, and many a Man lost,  
 That lay dead on the Plain.  
 And away they went to the merry green Wood,  
 And sung with a merry Glee,  
 And Robin Hood took these Brethren good  
 To be of his Yeomandree.



19. ROBIN HOOD, WILL. SCARLET,  
 and LITTLE JOHN.

Or, *A Narrative of the Victory obtained against the  
 Prince of ARRAGON and the two GIANTS;  
 and how Will. Scarlet married the Princess.*

Tune of ROBIN HOOD: Or, Hey down, down, a down.



NOW Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, and Little John,  
 Are walking over the Plain,  
 With a good fat Buck, which Will. Scarlet  
 With his strong Bow had slain.

Jog on, jog on, cries *Robin Hood*,  
 The Day it runs full fast,  
 For tho' my Nephew me a Breakfast gave,  
 I have not broke my Fast.  
 Then to yonder Lodge let us take our Way.  
 I think it is wond'rous good,  
 Where my Nephew, my bold Yeomen,  
 Shall be welcom'd unto the Green Wood.  
 With that he took the Bugle Horn,  
 Full well he could it blow;  
 Strait from the Woods came marching down  
 One Hundred tall Fellows and mo.  
 Stand, stand to your Arms, cries *Will Scarlet*,  
 Lo the Enemies are within Ken:  
 With that *Robin Hood* he laughed aloud,  
 Crying, they are my bold Yeomen.  
 Who when they arriv'd, and *Robin* espy'd,  
 Crying, Master, What is your Will?  
 We thought you had in Danger been,  
 Your Horn did sound so shrill.  
 Now nay, now nay, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 The Danger is past and gone;  
 I would have you welcome my Nephew here,  
 That has paid me two for one.  
 In Feasting and Sporting they spent the Day,  
 Till Phæbus sunk into the Deep;  
 Then each one to his Quarters hy'd,  
 His Guard there for to keep.  
 Long had they not walked within the Green Wood,  
 But *Robin* he was espy'd  
 Of a beautiful Damsel all alone,  
 That on a black Palfrey did ride.  
 Her riding Suit was of Sable-hue black,  
 Cyprus over her Face,  
 Though which her Rose-like Checks did blush,  
 All with a comely Grace.  
 Come, tell me the Cause, thou pretty One,  
 Quoth *Robin*, and tell me right.  
 From whence thou com'st, and whither thou go'st,  
 All in this mournful Plight!  
 From London I came, the Damsel reply'd,  
 From London upon the Thames,  
 Which circled is, O Grief to tell!  
 Besieg'd with Foreign Arms,  
 By the proud Prince of Arragon,  
 Who swears by his Martial Hand.



To have the Princess to his Spouse,  
Or else to waste this Land.  
Except the Champions can be found,  
That dare fight three to three,  
Against the Prince and Giants twain,  
Most horrid for to see;  
Whose grisly Looks, and Eyes like Brands,  
Strike Terror where they come,  
With Serpents hissing on their Helms,  
Instead of Feather'd Plume.  
The Princess shall be the Victor's Prize,  
The King hath vow'd and said,  
And he that shall the Conquest win,  
Shall have her to his Bride.  
Now we are four Damsels sent abroad,  
To the East, West, North, and South,  
To try whose Fortune is so good,  
To find these Champions forth,  
But all in vain we have sought about,  
For none so bold there are,  
That dare adventure Life and Blood,  
To free a Lady fair.  
When is the Day? quoth *Robin Hood*,  
Tell me this and no more.  
On Midsummer next, the Damsel said,  
Which is *June* the Twenty-four.  
With that the Tears trickled down her Cheeks,  
And silent was her Tongue:  
With Sighs and Sobs she took her Leave,  
And away her Palfrey sprung.  
This News struck *Robin* to the Heart,  
He fell down on the Grass.  
His Actions and his troubled Mind  
Shew'd he perplexed was.  
Where lies your Grief? quoth *Will, Scarlet*,  
O, Master, tell to me?  
If the Damsel's Eyes have pierc'd your Heart,  
I'll fetch her back to thee.  
Now nay, now nay, quoth *Robin Hood*.  
She does not cause my Smart;  
But 'tis the poor distress'd Princess  
That wounds me to the Heart:  
I'll go and fight the Giants all,  
To set the Lady free.  
The D—l take my Soul, quoth *Little John*,  
If I part with thy Company.

## 60 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

Must I say behind ? quoth *Will Scarlet*,

No, no, that must not be ;

I'll make the third Man in the Fight,

So we shall be three to three.

These Words cheer'd *Robin* to the Heart,

Joy shone upon his Face,

Within his Arms he hugg'd them both,

And kindly did embrace.

Quoth he, we'll put on *Motley Grey*,

With long Staves in our Hands.

A Scrip and Bottle by our Sides,

As come from the *Holy Lands*.

So may we pass along the Highway,

None will ask us from whence we came,

But take us Pilgrims for to be,

Or else some Holy Men.

Now they are on their Journey gone,

As fast as they may sped,

Yet for all their Haste, 'ere they arriv'd,

The Princess forth was led,

To be deliver'd to the Prince,

Who in the List did stand,

Prepar'd to fight, or else receive

His Lady by the Hand.

With that he walk'd about the List,

With Giants by his Side ;

Bring forth, said he, your Champions,

Or bring me forth my Bride :

This is the Four and-twentieth Day,

The Day perfix'd upon,

Bring forth my Bride, or *London* burns,

I swear by *Alcaron*.

Then cries the King and Queen likewise,

Both weeping as they spake,

Lo ! we have brought our Daughter dear,

Whom we are forc'd to forsake.

With that stept out bold *Robin Robin*,

Cries, my Liege, it must not be so ;

Such Beauty as the fair Princess

Is not for a Tyrant's Mow.

The Prince he then began to storm,

Cries, Fool, Fanatick, Baboon !

How dare thou stop my Valour's Prize ?

I'll kill thee with a Frown.

Thou Tyrant, *Turk*, thou Infidel,

Thus *Robin* began to reply,

Thy

Thy Frowns I scorn; lo! here's my Gage,  
 And thus I thee defy.  
 And for those two *Goliaths* there,  
 That stand on either Side,  
 Here are two little *Dauids* by  
 That soon can tame their Pride.  
 Then the King did for Armour send,  
 For Lances, Swords, and Shields;  
 And thus all three in Armour bright,  
 Came marching into the Field,  
 The Trumpets began to sound a Charge,  
 Each singled out his Man;  
 Their Arms in Pieces soon were hew'd,  
 Blood sprang from every Vein.  
 The Prince reach'd *Robin Hood* a Blow,  
 He struck with Might and Main,  
 Which made him reel about the Field,  
 As through he had been slain.  
 God-a-mercy, quoth *Robin*, for that Blow,  
 The Quarrel shall soon be try'd,  
 This Stroke shall shew a full Divorce  
 Betwixt thee and thy Bride.  
 So from his Shoulders he cut his Head,  
 Which on the Ground did fall,  
 And grumbled sore at *Robin Hood*,  
 To be so dealt withal.  
 The Giants then began to rage  
 To see their Prince lie dead;  
 Thou wilt be the next, says *Little John*,  
 Unless thou guard thy Head.  
 Which that his Falchion he whirl'd about,  
 It was both keen and sharp;  
 He clave the Giant to the Belt,  
 And cut in twain his Heart,  
*Will. Scarlet* well had play'd his Part,  
 The Giant he brought to his Knee;  
 Quoth *Will.* the Devil cannot break his Fast,  
 Unless he have you all three.  
 So with his Falchion he run him through,  
 A deep and ghasty wonnd;  
 Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,  
 And then fell to the Ground.  
 Now all the Lists with Shouts were fill'd,  
 The Skies they did resound,  
 Which brought the Princess to herself,  
 Who had fallen into a Swoon.



## 62 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

The King and Queen, and Princess fair,  
 Came walking to the Place,  
 And gave the Champions many Thanks,  
 And did them further grace.  
 Tell me, quoth the King, whence you are,  
 That thus disguised came,  
 Whose Valour speaks that noble Blood  
 Doth run through every Vain.  
 A Boon, a Boon, quoth *Robin Hood*.  
 On my Knees I beg, and crave;  
 By my Crown, quoth the King, I grant,  
 Ask what, and thou shalt have.  
 Then Pardon I beg for my merry Men,  
 Which are in the Green Wood.  
 For *Little John*, and *Will. Scarlet*,  
 And for me, bold *Robin Hood*.  
 Art thou *Robin Hood*? Quoth the King,  
 For thy Valour thou hast shewn,  
 Your Pardon I do freely grant,  
 And welcome every one.  
 The Princess I promise the Victor's Prize,  
 She cannot have you all three;  
 She shall chuse, quoth *Robin*, said *Little John*.  
 Then little share falls to me.  
 Then did the Princess view all three,  
 With a comely lovely Grace,  
 And took *Will Scarlet* by the Hand,  
 Saying, here I make my Choice.  
 With that a noble Lord stepped forth,  
 Of *Maxfield* Earl was he,  
 Who look'd *Will. Scarlet* in the Face,  
 Then wept most bitterly.  
 Quoth he, I had a Son like thee,  
 Whom I lov'd wond'rous well,  
 But he is gone or rather Dead,  
 His Name it is young *Gamerwell*.  
 Then did *Will. Scarlet* fall on his Knees,  
 Cries, Father, Father, here,  
 Here Kneels your Son, your young *Gamerwell*,  
 You said you lov'd so dear.  
 But, Lord, what embracing and kissing was there  
 When all these Friends were met!  
 They are gone to the Wedding, and so to bedding,  
 And so I bid you good Night,

20. LITTLE JOHN and the four BEGGARS:

*Shewing how he went a Begging and fought with four BEGGARS; and what a Prize he got from them.*

*Tune of, Robin Hood and the Beggar.*



**A** L L you that delight for to spend some Time,

*With a hey down, &c.*

A merry Song for to sing,

Unto me draw near, and you shall hear

How Little John went a Begging.

As Robin Hood walked the Forest along,

And all in his Yoemandrea,

Says Robin, some of you a Begging must go,

And, Little John, it must be thee.

Says John, If I must a begging go,

I will have a Palmer's Weed,

With a Staff and a Coat, and Bags of all Sorts,

The better then shall I speed.

Come, now give me a Bag for my Bread,

And another for my Cheese,

And one for a Penny, if I get any,

That nothing I may leese.

Now Little John is a Begging gone,

Seeking for some Relief,

But of all the Beggars he met on the Way,

Little John he was the Chief.

But as he was walking himself alone,

Four Beggars he chanced to spy,

Some deaf, some blind, some came behind;

Says John, here is a brave Company.

Good-morrow, said John, my Brethren dear,

Good Fortune I had you see,

Which Way do you go? pray let me know,

For I want some Company.

O what

64 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

O what is here to do? Said *Little John*,  
 Why ring all these Bells? said he,  
 What Dog is hanging? Come let us be ganging,  
 That we the Truth may see.  
 Here is no Dog, one of them said,  
 Good Fellow I tell unto thee,  
 But here is one dead, that will give us Cheefe and Bread,  
 And it may be one single Penny.  
 We have Brethren in *London*, another said,  
 So we have at *Coventry*,  
 In *Berwick* and *Dover*, and all the Werd over,  
 But ne'er a crook'd *Carl* like thee.  
 Therefore stand thou back, thou crooked *Carl*,  
 And take that Knoek on the Crown;  
 Nay, says *Little John*, I'll not be gone,  
 For a Bout I will have of you round.  
 Now have at you all, said *Little John*,  
 If you be so full of your Blows,  
 Fight on all four, and never give o'er,  
 Whither you be Friends and Foes.  
*John* nipped the Dumb, and made him to roar,  
 And the Blind that could not see,  
 And he that a Cripple had been for seven Years,  
 He made run faster then he,  
 And flinging them all against the Wall,  
 With many a sturdy Bang,  
 It made *John* to sing, to hear the Gold ring,  
 And against the Walls cry Twang.  
 Then he got out of the Beggars Cloak  
 Three Hundred Pounds in Gold;  
 Good Fortune had I, said *Little John*,  
 Such a Sight for to behold,  
 But found he in the Beggar's Bag  
 But three Hundred and three;  
 If I drink Water while this doth last,  
 Then an ill Death may I die.  
 And my Begging Trade I will now give o'er,  
 My Fortune hath been so good,  
 Therefore I will not stay, but I will away  
 To the Forest of merry *Sherwood*.  
 And when to the Forest of *Sherwood* he came,  
 He quickly there did see  
 Bold *Robin Hood*, his Master good,  
 And all his Company.  
 What News? What News? Said *Robin Hood*,  
 Come, *Little John*, tell unto me,

How



How hast thou sped with thy Beggar's Trade,  
For that I fain would see?  
No News but good, said *Little John*,  
With Begging full well have I sped;  
Three Hundred and Three I have here for thee,  
In Silver and Gold so red.  
Then *Robin Hood*, took *Little John*, by the Hand,  
And danced about the Oak Tree;  
If we drink Water while this doth last,  
Then an ill Death may we die.  
So to conclude my merry new Song,  
All you that delight to sing,  
'Tis of *Robin Hood*, that Archer good,  
And how *Little John* went a begging.

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21. ROBIN HOOD and the RANGER:

Or, True Friendship after a fierce Fight.

Tune of ARTHUR-A-BLAND.



WHEN *Phæbus* had melted the Sickles of Ice,  
With a bey down, &c.  
And likewise the Mountains of Snow,  
Bold *Robin Hood* he would ramble to see,  
To frolick abroad with his Bow.  
He left all his merry Men waiting behind,  
Whilst through the Green Vallies he pass'd,  
There did he behold a Prester bold,  
Who cry'd out, Friend, Whither so fast?  
I am going, quoth *Robin*, to kill a fat Buck,  
For me and my merry Men all;  
Besides, e'er I go, I'll have a fat Doe,  
Or else it shall cost me a Fall.

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You'd

66 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

You'd best have a care, said the Forester then,  
 For these are his Majesty's Deer;  
 Before you shall shoot, the Thing I'll dispute,  
 For I am Head Forester here.  
 These thirteen long Summers, said Robin, I'm sure,  
 My Arrows I here have let fly,  
 Where freely I range; methinks it is strange  
 You should have more Power than I.  
 This Forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,  
 And so are the nimble Deer too;  
 Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,  
 I'll not be affronted by you.  
 The Forester he had a long Quarter Staff,  
 Likewise a broad Sword by his Side;  
 Without more ado, he presently drew,  
 Declaring the Truth should be try'd.  
 Bold Robin Hood had a Sword of the best,  
 Thus e'er he would take any Wrong.  
 His Courage was flush, he'd venture a Brush,  
 And thus they went to it ding dong.  
 The very first Blow that the Forester gave,  
 He made his broad Weapon cry twang:  
 'Twas over the Head, he fell down for dead,  
 O that was a damnable Bang!  
 But Robin he soon did recover himself,  
 And bravely fell to it again;  
 The very next Stroke their Weapons they broke,  
 Yet never a man there was slain.  
 At Quarter-Staff then they resolved to play,  
 Because they would have t'other Bout;  
 And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,  
 Unwilling he was to give out.  
 Bold Robin he gave him very hard Blows,  
 The other return'd them as fast;  
 At every Stroke their Jackets did smoke;  
 Three Hours the Combat did last.  
 At length in a Rage the bold Forester grew,  
 And cudgell'd bold Robin so fore,  
 That he could not stand, so shaking his Hand,  
 He said let us freely give o'er.  
 Thou art a brave Fellow I needs must confess,  
 I never knew any so good;  
 Thou art fit to be a Yeoman for me.  
 And range in the merry Green Woods,  
 I'll give thee this Ring as a Token of Love,  
 For bravely thou hast ased thy Part.

That

That Man that can fight, in him I delight,  
 And love him with all my whole Heart.  
 Then *Robin Hood* setting his Horn to his Mouth,  
 A Blast he merrily blew ;  
 His Yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,  
 A Hundred with trusty long Bows.  
 Now *Little John* came at the Head of them all,  
 Cloath'd in a rich Mantle of Green ;  
 And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,  
 A delicate Sight to be seen !  
 Lo ! these are my Yeomen, said *Robin Hood*,  
 Thou shalt be one of the Train :  
 A Mantle and Bow, a Quiver also,  
 I give them whom I entertain.  
 The Forester willingly enter'd the List,  
 They were such a beautiful Sight ;  
 Then with a long Bow they shot a fat Doe,  
 And made a rich Supper that Night.  
 What singing and dancing was in the Green Wood  
 For Joy of another new Mate !  
 With Mirth and Delight they spent all the Night,  
 And liv'd at a plentiful Rate.  
 The Forester ne'er was so merry before,  
 As then he was with these brave Souls,  
 Who never would fail, in Wine, Beer, or Ale,  
 To take off their cherishing Bowls.  
 Then *Robin Hood* gave him a Mantle of Green,  
 Broad Arrows, and a curious long Bow :  
 This done, the next Day, so gallant and gay,  
 He marched them all on a Row.  
 Quoth he, my bold Yeomen, be true to your Trust,  
 And then we may range the Woods wide ;  
 They all did declare, and solemnly swear,  
 They'd conquer, or die by his Side.





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## 22. ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN.

*Being an Account of their first Meeting; their fierce  
Encounter and Conquest. To which is added, their  
friendly Agreement, and how he came to be called  
LITTLE JOHN.*

*Tune of ARTHUR-A-BLAND.*



**W**HEN Robin Hood was about Twenty Years old,

*With a hey down, down, and a down,*

He happen'd to meet *Little John*,

A jolly brisk Blade, right fit for the Trade,

For he was a lusty young Man.

Tho' he was call'd *Little*, his Limbs they were large,

And his Stature were seven Foot high:

Where ever he came they quak'd at his Name,

For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,

If you would but listen awhile,

For this very Jest, among all the rest,

I think may cause you to smile.

For *Robin Hood* said to his jolly Bowmen,

Pray tarry you here in this Grove.

And see that you all observe well my Call,

While thorough the Forest I rove.

We have had no Sport these fourteen long Days,

Therefore now abroad will I go;

Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,

My Horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake Hands with his merry Men all,

And bid them at present good-by;

Then as near a Look his Journey he took,

A Stranger he chanc'd to espy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow Bridge,

And neither of them would give Way;

Quoth

Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, and sturdily good,  
 I'll shew you right *Nottingham Play*.  
 With that from his Quiver an Arrow he drew,  
 A broad Arrow with a Goose Wing:  
 The Stranger reply'd, I'll lick thy Hide,  
 If thou offer to touch the String.  
 Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, thou dost prate like an Ass,  
 For where I to bend but my Bow,  
 I could send a Dart quite through thy proud Heart,  
 Before thou could'st strike me one Blow.  
 Thou talk'st like a Coward, the Stranger reply'd,  
 Well arm'd with a long Bow you stand,  
 To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,  
 Have nought but a Staff in my Hand.  
 The name of a Coward, quoth *Robin* I scorn,  
 Wherefore my long Bow I'll lay by;  
 And now, for thy Sake, a Staff will I take,  
 The Truth of thy Manhood to try,  
 Then *Robin Hood*, stept to a Thicket of Trees,  
 And chose him a staff of Ground Oak;  
 Now this being done, away he did run  
 To the Stranger and merrily spoke:  
 Lo! see my Staff is lusty and tough,  
 Now here on this Bridge we will play;  
 Whoever falls in, the other shall win  
 The Battle, and so we'll away.  
 With all my whole Heart, the Stranger reply'd,  
 I scorn in the least to give out,  
 This said, they fell to it without more Dispute,  
 And their Staffs they did flourish about.  
 At first *Robin* gave the Stranger a Bang,  
 So hard that he made his Bones ring;  
 The Stranger he said, this must be repaid,  
 I'll give you as good as you bring.  
 So long as I'm able to handle a Staff,  
 To die in your Debt, Friend, I scorn.  
 Then to it both goes, and follow their Blows,  
 As if they had been threshing of Corn.  
 The Stranger gave *Robin* a Crack on the Crown,  
 Which caused the Blood to appear;  
 Then *Robin* enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,  
 And follow'd his Blows more severe.  
 So thick and so fast he did lay it on him,  
 With a passionate Fury an Ire;  
 At every Stroke he made him to smoke,  
 As if he had been all on Fire.

O then in a Fury the Stranger he grew,  
 And gave him a damnable Look;  
 And with it a Blow, which laid him full drow,  
 And tumbled him into the Brook.  
 I prithee, good Fellow, where art thou now?  
 The Stranger, in Laughter, he cry'd:  
 Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, good faith, in the Flood,  
 And floating along with the Tide.  
 I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave Soul,  
 With thee I'll no longer contend;  
 For needs must I say thou hast got the Day,  
 Our Battle shall be at an End.  
 Then unto the Bank he did presently wade,  
 And pull'd him out by a Thorn;  
 Which done, at the last, he blew a loud Blast  
 Straitway on his fine Bugle Horn:  
 The Eccho of which thro' the Valleys did ring,  
 At which his stout Bowmen appear'd,  
 All cloathed in Green, most gay to be seen,  
 So up to their Master they steer'd.  
 O what is the Matter, quoth *Will. Scutely*,  
 Good Master, you are wet to the Skin?  
 No Matter, quoth he, the Lad that you see  
 In Fighting hath tumbled me in.  
 He shall not go Scot free, the others reply'd,  
 So strait they were seizing him there,  
 To duck him likewise; but *Robin Hood* cries,  
 He is a stout Fellow, forbear,  
 There's no one shall wrong thee, Friend, be not afraid  
 These Bowmen upon me do wait;  
 There's Threescore and Nine; if thou wilt be mine,  
 Thou shalt have my Livery strait,  
 And other Accountments fitting also,  
 Speak up, jolly Blade, never fear;  
 I'll teach you also the Use of the Bow,  
 To shoot at the fat fallow Deer.  
 O here is my Hand, the Stranger reply'd,  
 I'll serve you with all my whole Heart;  
 My Name is *John Little*, a Man of good Mettle,  
 Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my Part.  
 His Name shall be alter'd, quoth *Will. Scutely*,  
 And I will his Godfather be;  
 Prepare then a Feast, and none of the least,  
 For we will be merry, quoth he.  
 They presently fetch'd in a Brace of fat Does,  
 With humming strong Liquor likewise:

They



They lov'd what was good ; so in the green Wood

This pretty sweet Babe they baptiz'd.

He was, I must tell you, but seven Feet high,

And may be an Ell in the Waist ;

He was a sweet Lad ; much Feasting they had,

Bold *Robin* the Christening grac'd,

With all his Bowmen, which stood in a Ring,

And were of the *Nottingham* Breed ;

Brave *Stutely* came then with seven Yeomen,

And did in this Manner proceed.

This Infant was called *John Little*, quoth he,

Which Name shall be changed anon ;

The Words we'll transpose ; so wherever he goes,

His Name shall be call'd *Little John*.

They all with a Shout made the Elements ring ;

So soon as the Office was o'er,

To Feasting they went, with true Merriment,

And tipp'd strong Liquors gillore,

Then *Robin* he took the pretty sweet Babe,

And cloath'd him from Top to Toe

In Garments of Green most gay to be seen,

And gave him a curious long Bow.

Thou shalt be an Archer as well as the best,

And range in the green Wood with us,

Where we will not want Gold nor Silver, behold,

While Bishops have ought in their Purse.

We live here like 'Squires or Lords of renown,

Without e'er a Foot of Free Land ;

We feast on good Cheer, with Wine, Ale and Beer,

And every Thing at our Command.

Then Musick and Dancing did finish the Day,

At length, when the Sun waxed low,

Then all the whole Train the Grove did refrain,

And unto their Caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as they liv'd,

Although he be proper and tall,

Yet nevertheless, the Truth to express,

Still *Little John* they did him call.



23. The BISHOP of Hereford's Entertainment by  
 ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN,  
 &c. in merry Barnsdale.



SOME they will talk of bold *Robin Hood*,  
 And some of Barons bold;  
 But I'll tell you how he serv'd the Bishop of *Hereford*,  
 When he rob'd him of his Gold.  
 As it befell in merry *Barnsdale*,  
 And under the Green Wood Tree,  
 The Bishop of *Hereford* was to come by,  
 With all his Company.  
 Come kill a Ven'son said bold *Robin Hood*,  
 Come kill me a good fat Deer,  
 The Bishop of *Hereford* is to dine with me to-day,  
 And he shall pay well for his Cheer.  
 We'll kill a fat Ven'son, said bold *Robin Hood*,  
 And dress it by the Highway Side,  
 And we will watch the Bishop narrowly,  
 Least some other Way he should ride.  
*Robin Hood* dress'd himself in Shepherd's Attire,  
 With six of his Men also,  
 And when the Bishop of *Hereford* came by  
 They about the Fire did go.  
 O what is the matter, then said the Bishop,  
 Or for whom do you make this a-do?  
 Or why do you kill the King's Ven'son,  
 When your Company is so few,  
 We are Shepherds, said bold *Robin Hood*,  
 And we keep Sheep all the Year,  
 And we are disposed to be merry this Day,  
 And to kill of the King's fat Deer.  
 You are brave Fellows, said the Bishop,  
 And the King of your Doings shall know:  
 Therefore make Haste, and come along with me,  
 For before the King you shall go.

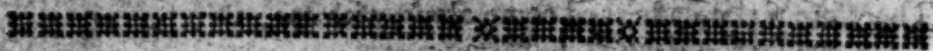
. O Pardon

O Pardon, O Pardon, said bold *Robin Hood*,  
 O Pardon, I thee pray;  
 For it becomes not you Lordship's Coat  
 To take so many Lives away,  
 No Pardon, no Pardon, said the Bishop,  
 No Pardon I thee owe;  
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,  
 For before the King you shall go,  
 Then *Robin* set his Back against a Tree,  
 And his Foot against a Thorn,  
 And from underneath his Shepherd's Coat,  
 He pull'd out a Bugle Horn.  
 He put the little End to his Mouth,  
 And a loud Blast he did blow,  
 'Till Threescore and Ten of bold *Robin's* Men  
 Came running all on a Row;  
 All making Obeeyance to bold *Robin Hood*,  
 'Twas a comely Sight to see.  
 What is the Matter, Master, said *Little John*,  
 That you blow so hastily?  
 O here is the Bishop of *Hereford*,  
 And no Pardon we shall have,  
 Cut off his Head, Master, said *Little John*,  
 And throw him into his Grave.  
 O Pardon, O Pardon, said the Bishop,  
 O Pardon, I thee pray;  
 For if I had known it had been you,  
 I'd have gone some other Way.  
 No Pardon, no Pardon, said *Robin Hood*,  
 No Pardon I thee owe;  
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,  
 For to merry *Barnsdale* you shall go.  
 Then *Robin* he took the Bishop by the Hand,  
 And he led him to merry *Barnsdale*,  
 He made him to stay, and sup with him that Night,  
 And to drink Wine, Beer, and Ale.  
 Call in a Reckoning, said the Bishop,  
 For methinks it grows wondrous high;  
 Lend me your Purse, Master, said *Little John*,  
 And I'll tell you bye and bye.  
 Then *Little John* took the Bishop's Cloak,  
 And spread it upon the Ground,  
 And out of the Bishop's Portmanteau  
 He told Three Hundred Pound.  
 Here's Money enough, Master, said *Little John*,  
 And a comely Sight 'tis to see;



It makes me, in Charity with the Bishop,  
Tho' he heartily loveth not me.

*Robin Hood* took the Bishop by the Hand,  
And he caused the Musick to play;  
He made the Bishop to dance in his Boots,  
And glad he could so get away.



## 24. ROBIN HOOD *rescuing the three* SQUIRES from Nottingham Gallows.



**B**OLD *Robin Hood* ranging the Forest all round,

The Forest all round ranged he;

O there did he meet with a gay Lady,

She came weeping along the Highway.

Why weep you, Why weep you, bold *Robin* he said,

What weep you for Gold or Fee,

Or do you weep for your Maidenhead,

That is taken from your Body

I weep not for Gold, the Lady reply'd,

Neither do I weep for Fee,

Nor do I weep for my Maidenhead,

That is taken from my Body.

What weep you for then, said jolly *Robin*,

I prithee come tell unto me?

Oh! I do weep for my three Sons,

For they are all condemned to die,

What Church have they robbed, said jolly *Robin*,

Or Parish Priest have they slain?

What Maids have they forced against their Will,

Or with other Men's Wives have lain?

No Church have they robbed, this Lady reply'd,

Nor Parish Priest have they slain;

No Maids have they forced against their Will,

Nor with other Men's Wives have lain.

What have they done then said jolly *Robin*,

Come tell me most speedily?

Oh

Oh! it is for killing the King's fallow Deer,  
 And they are all condemned to die.  
 Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robin,  
 Get you home most speedily,  
 And I will unto fair Nottingham go,  
 For the sake of the 'Squires all three.  
 Then hold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,  
 For Nottingham Town goes he,  
 O there did he meet with a poor Beggar-Man,  
 He came creeping along the Highway.  
 What News, What News, thou old Beggar-Man,  
 What News come tell unto me?  
 O there's Weeping and Wailing in Nottingham,  
 For the Death of the 'Squires all three.  
 This Beggar-Man had a Coat on his Back,  
 'Twas neither Green, Yellow, nor Red;  
 Bold Robin Hood thought 'twas no Disgrace  
 To be in the Beggar-Man's stead.  
 Come pull off thy Coat, thou old Beggar-Man,  
 And thou shalt put on mine,  
 And forty good Shillings I'll give thee to boot,  
 Besides Brandy, good Beer, Ale, and Wine,  
 Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,  
 Unto Nottingham Town came he;  
 O there did he meet with great Master Sheriff,  
 And likewise the 'Squires all three.  
 One Boon, one Boon, says jolly Robin,  
 One Boon I beg on my Knee,  
 That as for the Deaths of these three 'Squires,  
 Their Hangman I may be.  
 Soon granted, soon granted, says Master Sheriff,  
 Soon granted unto thee;  
 And you shall have all their gay Cloathing,  
 Aye, and all their white Money.  
 O I will have none of their gay Cloathing,  
 Nor none of their white Money,  
 But I'll have three Blasts on my Bugle Horn,  
 That their Souls to Heaven may flee.  
 Then Robin Hood mounted the Gallows so high,  
 Where he blew loud and shrill.  
 'Till an Hundred and Ten of Robin Hood's Men  
 Came marching down the Green Hill,  
 Whose Men are these, says Master Sheriff,  
 Whose men are they, tell unto me?  
 O they are mine, but none of thine,  
 And are come for the 'Squires all three.





Near to this Place his Royal Grace  
 To speak with thee does stay.  
 God save the King, said *Robin Hood*,  
 And all that with him well;  
 He that does deny his Sovereignty  
 I wish he was in Hell.  
 Thyself thou curses, said the King,  
 For thou a Traytor art:  
 Nay, but that you are his Messenger,  
 I swear you lie in Heart.  
 For I never yet hurt any Man  
 That honest is and true;  
 But those who give their Minds to live  
 Upon other Men's Due,  
 I never hurt the husbandman,  
 That use to till the Ground:  
 Nor spill their Blood that range the Wood,  
 To follow Hawk or Hound.  
 My chiefest Spite to Clergy is,  
 Who in these Days bear a great Sway:  
 With Fryars, and Monks, with their fine Sprunks,  
 I make my chiefest Prey.  
 But I am very glad, said *Robin Hood*,  
 That I have met you here;  
 Come, before we end, you shall my Friend,  
 Taste of our Green Wood Cheer.  
 The King he then did marvel much,  
 And so did all his Men;  
 They thought with Fear, what Kind of Cheer  
*Robin* would provide for them.  
*Robin* took the King's Horse by the Head,  
 And led him to the Tent:  
 Thou would not be so us'd, quoth he,  
 But that my King thee sent,  
 Nay, more then that, said *Robin Hood*,  
 For good King *Richard's* sake,  
 If you had as much Gold as ever I told,  
 I would not one Penny take.  
 Then *Robin* set his Horn to his Mouth,  
 And a loud Blast he did Blow,  
 'Till a Hundred and Ten of *Robin Hood's Men*  
 Came marching all of a Row,  
 And when they came bold *Robin* before,  
 Each Man did bend his Knee,  
 O, thought the King, 'tis a gallant Thing,  
 And a seemly Sight to see,

Within

78 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

Within himself the King did say,  
 These Men of *Robin Hood's*.  
 More humble be then mine to be,  
 So the Court may learn of the Woods.  
 So then they all to Dinner went,  
 Upon a Carpet Green;  
 Black, Yellow, Red, finely mingled,  
 Most curious to be seen.  
 Venison and Fowls were plenty there,  
 With Fish out of the River:  
 King *Richard* swore, on Sea or Shore,  
 He never was feasted better,  
 Then *Robin* takes a Cann of Ale,  
 Come let us now begin;  
 Come every Man shall have his Cann,  
 Here's a Health unto the King.  
 The King himself drank to the King,  
 So round about it went:  
 Two Barrels of Ale, both stout and stale,  
 To pledge that Health were spent,  
 And after that a Bowl of Wine  
 In his Hand took *Robin Hood*.  
 Untill I die, I'll drink Wine, said he,  
 While I live in the Green Wood.  
 Bend all your Bows, said *Robin Hood*,  
 And with the Grey Goose Wing  
 Such Sport now show, as you would do  
 In the Presence of the King.  
 They shewed such brave Archery,  
 By cleaving Stick and Wands,  
 That the King did say, such Men as they  
 Live not in many Lands.  
 Well, *Robin Hood*, then says the King,  
 If I could thy Pardon get,  
 To serve the King in every Thing,  
 Would'st thou thy Mind firm set?  
 Yes, with all my Heart, hold *Robin* said,  
 So they flung off their Hoods,  
 To serve the King in every Thing,  
 They swore they would spend their Blood.  
 For a Clergyman was first my Bane,  
 Which makes me hate them all,  
 But if you'll be so kind to me,  
 Love them again I shall:  
 The King no longer could forbear,  
 For he was mov'd with Truth,

I am the King, thy Sovereign King,  
 That appears before you all,  
 When *Robin* saw that it was he,  
 Strait then he down did fall.  
 Stand up again, then said the King,  
 I'll thee thy Pardon give,  
 Stand up my Friend, who can contend,  
 When I give Leave to live?  
 So they are all gone to *Nottingham*,  
 All shouting as they came;  
 But when the People them did see,  
 They thought the King was slain.  
 And for that Cause the Outlaws were come,  
 To rule all as they list;  
 And for to shun, which Way to run,  
 The People did not wist.  
 The Plowman left the Plow in the Fields,  
 The Smith ran from his Shop,  
 Old Folks also, that scarce could go,  
 Over their Sticks did hop.  
 The King soon did let them understand  
 He had been in the Green Wood,  
 And from that Day for evermore  
 He'd forgiven *Robin Hood*.  
 When the People they did hear,  
 And the Truth was known;  
 They all did sing God save the King,  
 Hang Care, the Town's our own.  
 What's that *Robin Hood*? then said the Sheriff,  
 That Varlet I do hate,  
 Both me and mine he caused to dine,  
 And serv'd us all with one Plate.  
 Ho, ho, said *Robin Hood*, I know what you mean,  
 Come take your Gold again,  
 Be Friends with me, and I with thee,  
 And so with every Man.  
 Now Master Sheriff your are paid,  
 And since your are Beginner,  
 As well as you, give me my Due,  
 For you ne'er paid for that Dinner.  
 But if that it should please the King,  
 So much your House to Grace;  
 To sup with you, for to speak true,  
 Know you ne'er was base,  
 The Sheriff could not gainsay,  
 For a Trick was put upon him;



## 80 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

A Supper was drest, the King was a Guest,

But he thought 'twould have undone him.

They are all gone to London Court,

Robin Hood with all his Train;

He once was their a noble Peer,

And now he's there again,

Many such Pranks brave Robin play'd

While he liv'd in the Green Wood,

Now my Friend attend, and hear an End

Of honest Robin Hood.



## 26. ROBIN HOOD and the Golden Arrow.



W H E N as the Sheriff of Nottingham

Was come with mickle Grief,

He talk'd no Good of Robin Hood,

That strong and sturdy Thief.

*Fal la dal de.*

So unto London Road he past,

His Losses to unfold

To King Richard, who did regard

The Tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the King, What shall I do?

Art thou not Sheriff for me?

The Law is in Force, to take thy Course

Of them that injure thee.

Go get thee gone, and by thyself

Devise some-tricking Game,

For to enthrall yon Rebels all,

Go take thy Course with them.

So away the Sheriff he return'd,

And by the Way he thought

Of the Words of the King, and how the Thing

To pass might well be brought.

For

# ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND. 81

For within his Mind he imagined,  
 That when such Marches were,  
 Those Outlaws stout, without all doubt,  
 Would be the Bowmen there.  
 So an Arrow with a Golden Head,  
 And Shaft of Silver White,  
 Who won the Day should bear away  
 For his own proper Right.  
 Tidings came to bold *Robin Hood*,  
 Under the Green Wood Tree ;  
 Come prepare you then n. merry Men,  
 We'll go yon Sport to see.  
 With that stept forth a brave young Man,  
*David of Doncaster*,  
 Matter, said he, be rul'd by me,  
 From the Green Wood we'll not stir.  
 To tell Truth, I'm well inform'd,  
 Yon Match if is a Wile ;  
 The Sheriff I wils devises this,  
 Us Archers to beguile.  
 Thou smells of a Coward, said *Robin Hood*,  
 Thy Words do not please me ;  
 Come on't what will, I'll try my Skill,  
 At yon brave Archery.  
 O then bespoke brave *Little John*,  
 Come let us thither gang ;  
 Come listen to me how it shall be,  
 That we need not be ken d.  
 Our Mantles all of Linclon Green  
 Behind us we will leave ;  
 We'll drefs us all so several,  
 They shall not us perceive,  
 One shall wear White, another Red,  
 One Yellow, another Blue ;  
 Thus in Disguise, in the Exercise  
 We'll gang whate'er insue.  
 Forth from the Green Wood they are gone,  
 With Hearts all firm and stout,  
 Resolving with the Sheriff's Men  
 To have a hearty Bout.  
 So themselves they mixed with the rest,  
 To prevent ail Suspicion ;  
 For if they sho'd together hold,  
 They thought it no Discretion.  
 So the Sheriff looking round about,  
 Amongst Eight Hundred Men.

82     *ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.*

But could not see the fight that he  
     Had long suspected then.  
 Some said, if *Robin Hood* was here,  
     And all his Men to boot,  
 Sure none of them could pass these Men,  
     So bavelly they do shoot.  
 Ay, quoth the Sheriff, and scratch'd his Head,  
     I thought he would have been here ;  
 I though he would, but tho' he's bold,  
     He durst not now appear.  
 O that Word grieved *Robin Hood* to the Heart,  
     He vexed in his Blood ;  
 E'er long, thought he, thou shalt well see  
     That here was *Robin Hood*.  
 Some cried Blue Jacket, another cried Brown,  
     And a third cried brave Yellow ;  
 But the fourth Man said, yon Man in Red ;  
     In this Place has no Fellow,  
 For that was *Robin Hood* himself,  
     For he was cloath'd in Red ;  
 At every Shot the Prize he got,  
     For he was both sure and dead.  
 So the Arrow with the Golden Head,  
     And Shaft of Silver White,  
 Brave *Robin Hood* won and bore with him,  
     For his own proper Right.  
 These Outlaws there that every Day,  
     To shun all Kinds of Doubt,,  
 By three or four, no less nor more,  
     As they went in came out.  
 Untill they all assembled were  
     Under the Green Wood Shade,  
 Where they relate in pleasant Sport  
     What brave Pastime they made,  
 Says *Robin Hood*, all my Care is.  
     How that yon Sheriff may  
 Know certainly that it was I  
     That bore his Arrow away.  
 Says *Little John*, my Counsel good  
     Did take Effect before ;  
 So therefore now, if you'll allow,  
     I will advise once more.  
 Speak on, speak on, said *Robin Hood*,  
     Thy Wit's both quick and sound,  
 This I advise, said *Little John*,  
     That a Letter shall be penn'd,

And



And when it is done, to Nottingham  
 You to the Sheriff shall send.  
 That is well advised, said Robin Hood,  
 But how must it be sent ?  
 Pugh ! when you please it's done with Ease,  
 Master, be you content.  
 I'll stick it on my Arrow's Head,  
 And shoot it into the Town,  
 The Mark must show where it must go  
 Whenever it lights down.  
 The project it was full well perform'd,  
 The Sheriff that Letter had,  
 Which when he read he scratch'd his Head,  
 And rav'd like one that's mad.  
 So we'll leave him chafing in his Grease,  
 Which will do him no Good ;  
 Now, my Friends attend and hear the End  
 Of honest Robin Hood.

\*\*\*\*\*

27. ROBIN HOOD and the valiant KNIGHT;  
 together with an Account of his Death and Burial &c.

Tune of ROBIN HOOD and the Fifteen Forresters.



WHEN Robin Hood, and his Merry Men all,  
 Derry, down down,  
 Had reigned many Years,  
 The King was then told that they had been bold  
 To his Bishops and noble Peers.  
 - Hey down, derry, derry down.  
 Therefore they called a Council of State;  
 To know what was to be done,  
 For to quell their Pride, or else they reply'd  
 The Land would be over-run.  
 Having consulted a whole Summers Day,  
 At length it was agreed,

84 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

That one should be sent to try the Event,  
 And fetch him away with Speed.  
 Therefore a trusty and worthy Knight  
 The King was pleas'd to call,  
 Sir *William* by Name, when to him he came,  
 He told him his Pleasure all.  
 Go from thence to bold *Robin Hood*,  
 And bid him without more ado,  
 Surrender himself, or else the proud Elf  
 Shall suffer with all his Crew.  
 Take here a Hundred Bowmen brave,  
 All chosen Men of Might,  
 Of excellent Art for to take thy Part,  
 In glittering Armour bright  
 Then said the Knight, my Sovereign Liege,  
 By me they shall be led;  
 I'll venture my Blood against *Robin Hood*,  
 And bring him alive or dead.  
 One Hundred Men were chosen strait,  
 As proper as e'er Men saw:  
 On Midsummer Day they marched away,  
 To conquer that brave Outlaw.  
 With long Yew Bows, and shining Spears,  
 They marched in mickle Pride,  
 And never delay'd, or halted, or stay'd.  
 'Till they came to the Green Wood Side.  
 Said he to his Archers, Tarry here  
 Your Bows make ready all,  
 That if need should be, you may follow me,  
 And see that you observe my Call.  
 I'll go in Person first he cry'd,  
 With the Letters of my good King,  
 Well sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,  
 We need not draw one String,  
 He wander'd about till at length he came  
 To the Tent of *Robin Hood*,  
 The Letter he shews; bold *Robin* arose,  
 And there on his Guard he stood,  
 They'd have me surrender, quoth bold *Robin Hood*,  
 And lie at their Mercy then;  
 But tell them from me that never shall be  
 While I have full Seven-score Men.  
 Sir *William* the Knight, both hardy and bold,  
 Did offer to seize him there,  
 Which *William Locksley* by Fortune did see,  
 And bid them that Trick to forbear.

Then

Then *Robin Hood* set his Horn to his Mouth,  
 And blew a Blast for twain,  
 And so did the Knight; at which there in Sight  
 The Archers came all amain.  
 Sir *William* with Care he drew up his Men,  
 And plac'd them in Battle-array;  
 Bold *Robin*, we find, he was not behind;  
 Now this was a Bloody Fray.  
 The Archers on both Sides bent their Bows,  
 And the Clouds of Arrows flew;  
 The very first Flight that honour'd Knight  
 Did there bid the World adieu.  
 Yet nevertheless their Fight did last  
 From Morning till almost Noon;  
 Both Parties were stout, and loth to give out:  
 This was on the last of June.  
 At length they went off; one Party they went  
 For *London*, with right Good Will;  
 And *Robin Hood* he to the Green Wood Tree,  
 And there he was taken ill.  
 He sent for a Monk, to let him Blood,  
 Who took his Life away:  
 Now this being done, his Archers they run,  
 It was not Time to stay,  
 Some went on board, and cross'd the Seas,  
 To *Flanders*, *France* and *Spain*,  
 And others to *Rome*, for fear of their Doom,  
 But soon return'd again.  
 Thus he that never fear'd Bow nor Spear,  
 Was murder'd by letting of Blood;  
 And so, loving Friends, the Story doth end  
 Of valiant bold *Robin Hood*.  
 There's nothing remains but his EPITAPH now,  
 Which READER, here you have,  
 To this very Day read it you may,  
 As it was upon his GRAVE.





86 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

ROBIN HOOD'S EPITAPH.

Set on his Tomb by the Prioress of BIRKSLAY  
Monastery, in YORKSHIRE.

ROBIN, Earl of HUNTINGDON,  
Lies under this little Sone;  
No ARCHER was like him so good;  
His Wildness nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.  
Full thirteen Years, and something more,  
These Northern Parts he vexed sore.  
Such OUTLAWS as He and his Men  
May ENGLAND never know again.



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# A NEW ROBIN HOOD SONG.

Sung by Mr. *B E A R D*.

**A**S Blithe as the Linnets sing in the green Woods,  
So blithe we'll wake, we'll wake the Morn,  
So blithe, &c.

And through the wide Forest of Merry *Sherwood*  
We'll wind the Bugle, Bulge Horn.  
We'll wind. &c.

The Sheriff attempts to take bold *Robin Hood*,  
Bold *Robin* disdains to fly ;  
Let him come when he will, we'll in merry *Sherwood*,  
Or vanquish, Boys, or die.

Our Hearts they are stout, and our Bows they are good,  
And well their Master know :  
They're cull'd in the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,  
And never will spare a Foe.

Our Arrows shall drink of the Fallow Deer's Blood,  
We'll haunt them all o'er the Plain ;  
And through the wide Forest of merry *Sherwood*,  
No Shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave *Scarlet* and *John*, who ne'er were subdu'd,  
Gave each his Hand so bold ;  
We'll reign through the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,  
What say my Hearts of Gold ;  
What say, &c.

*F I N I S.*

ROBIN HOOD 20 VG

A NEW

By Mr. R. B. R. D.

As the author of the first volume of the series, the author of this volume has been able to draw upon the experience of the first volume, and to make the second volume more complete and more interesting than the first.

It is the author's hope that this volume will be found as interesting and as useful as the first volume, and that it will be found to be a valuable addition to the series.

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NEW



